THE PACIFIC

A religious and family paper

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Let Me Begin Anew.

LORD God, Thou lettest the green thing start
A new life every year;
Out of their sunken selves they rise,
Erect and sweet and clear;
Behold the lily's pure, white leaves
Unfolding by each mere.

Again, the sap mounts in the fir
Through every swelling vein;
Again the clover stirs and thrills,
Responsive to the rain;
Again the tender grass makes green
The lone breast of the plain.

Hear the new, the golden flood of song,
The lark pours forth to the blue!
Behold the strong, undaunted shoot
Pushing its brave front through
The fallen tree. Lord God, Lord God,
Let me begin anew!

Out of my own self let me rise,
For God, if it can be
A new and noble growth may spring
From yon decaying tree—
Surely a strong, pure life may mount
Out of this life of me.

—*Ella Higginson.*

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THE PACIFIC

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"First pure, then peaceable . . without partiality and without hypocrisy."

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

San Francisco, Cal. Thursday, March 28, 1901

The Best You Can.

"Do the good and not the clever;
Fill thy life with true endeavor;
Strive to be the noblest man.
Not what others do, but rather,
Do the very best you can."

All friends of Christian education will be gratified with the favorable prospects for a largely increased endowment for Oberlin College. The present total endowment for the academic, the college and the theological seminary departments is $704,833. But the total income from all regular sources the last year was $14,451 less than the expenditures. This deficit has been met for the year, but another is accumulating. The indications are, however, that by January, 1902, it will be stopped, $350,000 having been secured already on a proposed additional endowment of $500,000. John D. Rockefeller has promised $200,000 of this on condition that $300,000 additional be secured. One-half of this latter sum has been pledged, and the indications are that the other h lf will be pledged by the time designated. It requires considerable money nowadays to properly equip and to run successfully an educational institution. The need for colleges of the Oberlin type is as great now as in the past, and it would be difficult for that institution to maintain itself in its present high rank among the great educational institutions of the country without annual receipts amounting to at least a hundred thousand dollars. Its management, aware of this fact, will not cease, of course, in their efforts until this has been attained, and Oberlin placed where she can do her part in the world's work as nobly as she has done it in the past. The Oberlin influence pervades our national life from the Atlantic to the Pacific; her thousands of sons and daughters have helped during the last half-century to lay in all the newer portions of the land those good foundation upon which are being reared today whatever is worthy perpetuation. The influence which went out from Oberlin in early years helped mightily in all those contests which culminated finally in the striking of the shackles from millions of Negro bondmen. And today, in home land and foreign lend, Oberlin's sons and daughters are doing some of the most valiant service that is being done for the making of this earth a place where the Christ spirit shall be supreme. In what she has done and in what she is, Oberlin has earned the right to a perpetual place among the first educational institutions of America. Measured by the good she has done, Oberlin is worthy an endowment in amount beyond all Mr. Rockefeller's millions. If, after the amount needed to secure his $200,000 has been pledged, he should say, "Well done," and write his check to make it a million, he would not regret it when he comes to count his treasures in the lands beyond the unknown sea.

Thinking of what Oberlin has done turns the mind toward what may be accomplished by our Christian colleges here on the Pacific Coast. They are situated in regions of our country destined to figure prominently in twentieth century life. A graduate from Whitman inaugurated for the United States government the work of education in the Philippines, and graduates from Pomona are now laying foundations there and on other islands of the sea. The coming of young Chinese students from the Imperial University at Shanghai, to pursue studies at Pomona, is simply the beginning of an influence, extensive in its sweep, to be exercised in one way and another by our contact educationally with the people of the flowery kingdom. As their next door neighbors, we of the Pacific Coast will influence the people across the Pacific more powerfully than will any others. Our important location commercially will give this Coast a large increase in population during the next half-century, and the Christian colleges, if properly equipped, can do a splendid work in shaping conduct and in making the life of the period minister to all that is best. It is with gratification that we see, from time to time, indications of a proper estimate on the part of many of our people of the three Congregational colleges on the Coast—Whitman at Walla Walla, Pacific at Forest Grove, and Pomona at Claremont. Those institutions were wisely planted. Those who have preceded us have done their part; we of the present shall fail to do ours if we do not foster them and place them where they can do the work demanded of them on our shores.

In a letter in the Christian Evangelist, the Rev. Dr. B. B. Tyler of the Church of the Disciples of Christ gives his brethren a rebuke for the rage among them for numbers on the church rolls. Of course, he does not find the rage for numbers among the Disciples only, but it is to them that he gives attention. He cites one instance of a church of that order having a printed directory showing a membership of 800. Investigation showed that 200 persons whose names were on the roll,

though living in the town in which the church was located, had not attended service for six years; one hundred were found to be non-residents, and one man was the proprietor of a notorious saloon. Not long ago, he states, that he read in one of their papers that a well-known church had one thousand members. He obtained a copy of their year book and found the names thereon to be 695, of which number 36 were non-residents and 96 were marked "unknown." He examined another church register of 460 names, and found 175 names marked "unknown." And he asks pertinently, "Is it in this way that the Disciples number 1,150,000?" Referring to the revision of the register of Plymouth Congregational church, Brooklyn, in 1887, and the dropping of one thousand names, Dr. Tyler says: "A good revival in many a congregation of Disciples of Christ would be the elimination of from 25 to 50 per cent of the names on the church record." It requires courage to thus revise a church roll, but it is courage that pays in the end. Such a course was pursued in the First Congregational church of San Francisco a year or two after the Rev. Dr. Adams entered on the pastorate. It was somewhat like the thorough pruning of a tree of its dead branches. It was a preparation for fruit-bearing, and the two years of steady growth since the completion of the revision, due to considerable extent to that pruning, shows that it pays to prune. When a church has the courage to stand before a community exactly as it is, there is the manifestation of a spirit which never fails to commend it to the most sensible element therein. It is of importance to note in this connection that Dr. Tyler has not found in other churches reporting large membership such contributions for foreign missions as would indicate a spiritually vital membership. He instances a church of 1,300 members, the name of which does not appear in the reports of their foreign missionary society; and one of 400, reasonably well-to-do folk, the annual contribution of which for the work of winning men for Christ is $11.35. It is difficult to escape from the conclusion that nearly 100 per cent. should not be dropped from that church register. "Go ye and disciple all nations" were the marching orders of the Master. Only the giving church is a living church.

Higher Criticism Run Mad.

Doubtless many of the higher critics will wish to separate from Professor Schmiedel of Zurich, who by his article in the recently published volume of the Encyclopedia Biblica has ventured far beyond any point to which most of the more advanced critics have been willing to admit that the criticism would ever lead. Evidently, it is higher criticism run mad, and there is no room for it to run much further. Professor Schmiedel does not reject absolutely the historical element in the gospels, but he rejects in so wholesale a manner as to leave a remnant of only a few passages, and the reader is left wondering how long even in his mind these fragments will be able to survive the general wreck. The stories concerning the birth of Jesus are discredited, as are also the miracle at Cana of Galilee and those concerning the raising of the dead and the multiplication of the loaves and fishes. The post-resurrection appearances of Jesus are declared to have been only in vision, and so much concerning the resurrection is excluded as to involve the exclusion of the resurrection itself. The little that Professor Schmiedel does leave of the gospels leads him to conclude that they "prove not only that in the person of Jesus we have to do with a completely human being, and that the divine is to be sought in him only in the form in which it is being capable of being found in a man, but that they prove that they really did exist, and that the gospels contain at least some absolutely trustworthy facts concerning him." The encyclopedia in which this article by Professor Schmiedel appears, and in which it is accorded a chief place, is edited by Professor J. K. Cheyne, a dignitary of the Anglican Church. Dr. E. A. Abbott, who writes the first part of the article on the gospels, while not proceeding to the extremes to which Professor Schmiedel goes, expresses the opinion that Matthew's account of the resurrection has been modified by later writers "so as to soften some of its improbabilities." Many of the miracles connected with the raising of the dead are regarded as "exaggerations arising from misunderstood metaphor, "death" being used sometimes by early writers in the sense of mortal sin or death to God. But some he rejects entirely, such as the raising of the widow's son at Nain, and the story concerning Lazarus is pronounced "largely allegorical."

We have read with interest during the last week or two such comments on this article in the Encyclopedia Biblica as have come to our notice. The Rev. John White Chadwick, a Unitarian, says in the Christian Register concerning Professor Schiemedel's conclusion: "It is a far cry from the modesty of this result to the dogmatism of the theologians; but, though we paint the results of New Testament criticism an inch thick with subterfuges, the persuasion that to this complexion it must come at length is getting every day more clear for all honest and painstaking minds. This fact has some tremendous implications for organized Christianity and for the religious life of the whole modern world."

The London Academy, in an article entitled "In the House of My Friends," says: "Looking at the whole situation we are much mistaken if the publication of this volume does not prove to be the most serious blow yet struck at Protestant Christianity."

Dr. Fairbairn writes of Professor Schmiedel's work as "the flimsiest of historical and literary criticisms," by "a hard and dry, yet almost a fierce and truculent rationalist." His colleague, Dr. E. A. Abbott, he sets down as "a sort of modern highly erudite and skeptical Talmudist."

In the British Weekly one whom we take to be the Rev. Dr. W. R. Nicoll says in a paragraph in an article reviewing Dr. George Adam Smith's new book: "All Christian teachers must take account of the fact that the honored leader of Old Testament criticism in England, Canon Cheyne, in the new volume of the Encyclo-

pedia Biblica has entrusted the supreme subjects to a critic who plunges the steel into the very heart of Christianity, who suggests, if words have any meaning, not merely that Christ was not God, but that he was a partaker of mortal weakness and sin. It would be absurd and disrespectful to affect the belief that this was done without deliberate intention and full consciousness of responsibility. If Dr. Schmiedel is right, Biblical criticism remains a subject for a few scholars, but ceases to be of any practical importance—

> I trust we are not wholly clay.
> Let science prove we are, and then
> What matters science unto men?

We propose to deal with Schmiedel's argument more at length, although, after all, the humblest Christian may deal with it easily, for, as Robertson Smith said, 'There is above all the personal Christ, a personality which men could not have imagined, a personality which must be historical and which must be divine.'"

And the London Christian says: "It is well, however, that we are brought thus rudely face to face with a situation in which the Christian Church will have to choose between incompatible alternatives, i. e., either to build its faith absolutely and confidently on the historical records of the gospel, or throw up all pretence that it has any basis whatever to rest on. We now see whither we were being led by these advanced critics: the soul in search of an historic Savior, who has entrusted himself to their care, is left orphaned, crying, 'They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.' The motto of these scholars a brief decade ago was, 'Back to Christ.' Now they boldly affirm that there is no Christ to get back to. He is a wreath of mist on the far horizon, a bodiless phantom lost in the gloom of time, whose face and form no man can see."

More Conservative Criticism.

We turn from these most advanced deductions of the higher critics to the more conservative positions in Professor George Adam Smith's book, "Modern Criticism and the Preaching of the Old Testament." Many of the persons who take exception to Professor Schmiedel's conclusions write approvingly of this book by Professor Smith. Dr. W. R. Nicoll speaks of it as "profoundly and unreservedly Christian, rich in calming truth, and in earnest and simple faith." Dr. Joseph Parker says that in a hasty perusal it strikes him "as a book likely to comfort the preacher and to make him more fearless and hopeful in his great work as an apostle of our Lord Jesus Christ." Here in America many good things have been uttered and printed concerning it. But there are not a few who fear that it tends to disintegrate the Old Testament, weaken revelation and take from the authority with which the preacher of the gospel can speak in the name of God to men. This is the position taken by some of the leading preachers who have been asked by the British Weekly to write concerning it. The Rev. John Smith, D.D., says that it not only disintegrates the Old Testament, but to some extent affects the credit of the New, and he expresses the opinion that Dr. George Adam Smith and those whom he represents are forcing upon the British churches the gravest issue that any of them has had to face in living memory; and he expresses astonishment that he fails to find in the book any mention of the bearing of this criticism on the Protestant doctrine of the authority of Scripture.

It is not the purpose of the present writer to enter into a discussion of higher criticism. We are better able to write an editorial on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy—on the side of the Baconian authorship—than on either side of the higher criticism. Enough study has been given to it, however, to see that it has done some good as well as some harm; but not enough investigation to lead to the utter discarding of all of its conclusions which we are not yet ready to accept. We are open to conviction. But Dr. George Adam Smith's book has not increased our confidence in the higher criticism. It has been well said that "the practice of the higher criticism induces men to lay an impossible stress on expressions which are not really misunderstood by ordinary people." Dr. Smith does this when he considers the question of immortality from the Old Testament standpoint. And when he puts forward, in his effort to sustain his objection to the old theory that the book of Joshua was written by one person, what he terms the "doublets" in the account of the setting up of the memorial stones after the crossing of the Jordan, and in the account of the ambush at Ai, he magnifies difficulties. Taking his admission that these "doublets" are not proved by differences of vocabulary or style, but by difference of facts in the substance of the narrative, the ordinary Bible student will prefer the old explanation that a memorial was set up in the bed of the river as well as at Gilgal; and good old Matthew Henry's explanation of the ambush account is satisfactory enough for most people yet today.

Robert Tuck explains it nicely in his Handbook of Biblical Difficulties: "Thirty thousand was the number selected by Joshua for the enterprise. These were sent away from the camp to make a night march towards Ai. Five thousands of these were specially charged to go round the west side of Ai, between that city and Bethel, while the rest took up position on the north of the city." Some have it that there were two ambushes. Others accept the reading of the Septuagint and omit verses 12 and 13, thus doing away entirely with the mention of the 5,000. But higher criticism will have none of these, and will make a hodgepodge of the whole book by asserting two contradictory reports of one and the same thing.

Dr. Smith lays too great stress, also, on the dying words of David, as a command to his son Solomon. There are those who will cling to former explanations rather than let the passage go—as the critic suggests—and in the letting of it go begin, it may be, such culling of the Bible that they will not know where to end, and will go on, perhaps, to the extremes to which Professor Schmiedel has gone. This is the danger that confronts the church today.

While we believe that modern criticism has done some good in bringing men to faith in God and in his revelation as recorded in the Bible, it is a question whether it has not also done much to weaken that faith in others. Highly exaggerated is the statement of Dr. Smith that those who have been led into unbelief by modern criticism "are not for one moment to be compared in number with those who have fallen from faith over the edge of the opposite extreme." The Book never has been a stumbling block in the way of any soul honestly seeking to know God and to do his will.

It is worthy of note in this connection that the great archaeologists do not accept the findings of the higher critics. Professor Smith mentions their hostility, but soon dismisses the question, and assumes a little further along that the main conclusions are supported by the evidences of archaeology.

We recall here the remark the pastor of a leading Congregational church about the bay made a few weeks ago, when asked whether he had read a certain new theology or modern criticism book. His reply was that he had not, and that he had come to the conclusion that he had read about enough along that line. He has read as many, doubtless, as any preacher on the Coast, and is by no means to be classed as a conservative. There was wisdom in that conclusion. It may be suggestive and helpful to others. Higher criticism is yet in the wilderness. The preacher who wishes to meet the needs of the people can afford to be chary both in the study and use of it.

Notes.

A native Filipino is a member of the First Congregational church of San Francisco. Sunday morning he noticed three United States soldiers entering the church auditorium, and in a most hospitable manner invited them into his pew. That Filipino knows what the United States soldiers have done for the benefit of countrymen, and he is ready on all occasions to give them every deserved attention.

A notable assembly for San Francisco this year will be the Episcopal Convention in October. Local Episcopalians are entering into the arrangements with considerable enthusiasm. The Bishop of New York has been tendered and has accepted the use of the William H. Crocker mansion, and the Charles Crocker mansion will be occupied by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. A large attendance is anticipated from all parts of the land.

Congregationalism in Brooklyn, New York, dates back to 1844 only, the time of the organization of the Church of the Pilgrims. But today six of the ten largest Congregational churches in the United States are to be found in Brooklyn. The Tompkins Avenue church, organized in 1875, is the largest in the United States, having the first of last year 2,273 members. The Rev. S. M. Freeland of Seattle, well known all over the Coast, was once pastor of that church. Its present pastor is the Rev. Dr. R. R. Meredith, who came from the Methodists and has been with the church thirteen years.

The Rev. C. R. Brown is announced as one of the speakers at the seventy-fifth anniversary meeting of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, to be held in Boston in May. His subject will be, "The Congregational Church Suited to the West." Superintendent Clapp of Oregon is to speak on "Frontier Conditions." Among other addresses will be one by the Rev. Dr. Burnham of St. Louis on "The Church—the Spring of American Civilization," one by President John Henry Barrows on "Home Missions and Christian Education"; and another, probably by Dr. S. P. Cadman of Brooklyn, on "The Debt of the Nation to Home Msisions." Other topics, such as "Home Missions and the Twentieth Century City," by Dr. Josiah Strong, "Neglected Populations, Their Peril to the Nation," indicate a program of unusual interest. Much of interest and value may be expected in the historical paper to be given by Secretary Clark.

The announcement of the sale of The Congregationalist to the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society came as a great surprise to the general public. The sale was not because of any decline in the value of the stock, but with a view to place the paper where it could be made to best serve the interests of Congregationalism. The subscription list of The Congregationalist is larger today than at any other time during the last twenty-five years, and it was all the time gaining in the regard of the people. For many years it has stood in the very front ranks of religious journalism, and has been a great power for good. The Sunday-school and Publishing Society has appointed a committee of five to have charge of all matters relating to the publication of the paper. This committee consists of the Rev. Willard Scott, D.D., President of the Society, John Herbert, Rev. E. M. Noyes, Franklin P. Shumway and F. A. Farrar.

The Religious World.

"It is an open question," says one of the most evangelical of religious journals, "whether the modern sermon is really the best vehicle for conveying the Divine thought to men."

Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, the well-known writer on Christian missions, contemplates active missionary work in India. Five hospitals built by her in that country have been doing a good work for some years.

The largest Baptist Church on the Pacific Coast is the First of Los Angeles, with a membership of 909.

Members of the Epworth Leagues in the Pacific Northwest are planning to come to San Francisco in July almost *en masse*.

Dr. Ryle, the new Bishop of Exeter, contrasted at Cambridge, recently, the religious life of the present with that of twenty-five years ago, when he first knew Cambridge. He found a greater religious activity in college life than in his undergraduate days.

The Rev. J. H. Heald, a Congregational Home Missionary in New Mexico, writing in the "Spanish Evangel" concerning the Penitentes, says that their self-flagellation has in it none of the Christian spirit of self-sacrifice, but it is given as a substitute for virtuous living.

It is said that Queen Victoria never contributed to foreign missions. This was not because she did not believe in missions, but because it is the policy of the British government to maintain an attitude of neutrality between the religions of its vast domain. But through the London Missionary Society and the Church Society, two of the oldest and greatest missionary organizations in the world, the Queen's subjects gave largely.

In a recent sermon on "Peter the Apostle," the Rev. E. L. Smith of Pilgrim Church, Seattle, said: "The

whole value of the life of Peter in the life of the world to-day is the result of his connection with this greater Man whom he loved. There were many other fishermen in Galilee, and had not Peter responded to the call of Jesus, then must he have gone down to oblivion like all the rest. How often it is true in life to-day that a man's only title to the remembrance of his fellows is that he helped some greater mind in the accomplishment of an undertaking which he could never have conceived. There are many to-day whose lives will become worth their living if only they will heed Christ's call to them and begin with him to live for others."

The Bystander.

The Children in the Streets.

In his pastoral perambulations the Bystander has an opportunity of observing the street life in San Francisco. While it is not as picturesque as Naples, it certainly is distinguished by certain conditions of its own. The San Francisco children are, for the most part, compelled to play on the streets. When man made the city the children were forgotten. Their games and sports, their coasters and dogs and balls and tops were not thought of. So it has come to pass that the lazy tramp has a good place to rest his weary bones on the benches in the parks and the drunken may lie down in some secluded spot and sleep off a debauch, but the children must "keep off the grass," a phrase our savage ancestors never saw.

The children, as a rule, go out upon the streets, and it is a wonder any of them live to tell the tale. The streets of San Francisco are dangerous, some of them precipitous, and, with a net work of street cars, they afford ample opportunities for accidents. Frequently the morning papers report that a six-year-old has been run over and killed, but, like everything else, people grow accustomed to these accidents and simply say, "Why don't the children keep off the streets."

The Bystander is often reminded of the Brownies, when he sees this romping, daring, noisy, interesting collection of boys and girls. They live in their own world. They see what the poor old Bystander is incapable of seeing. They see the humor of life, and stand with faces awful, as they are dirty, and watch the hearse go by, or the coffin carried from the door. They have their games and contests, their fights and encounters, their laughter and tears.

Every one of them is loved—a little, let us hope—by some mother or father in a home adorned by genius or bare in the commonplace of poverty and need. The school and the Church stand for all. The Bystander knows many of the children in his section of the city, or rather, they know him and he has formed some lasting frienships.

San Francisco is an outdoor city. Men say it would be better for the people if there was more indoor life. We would not have so many brown faces and bright eyes; we might miss something of that masculine courage, that typical California prowess, if we put these playful Brownies within four walls for even three or four months of the year. The Bystander is willing to give our New England fathers and grandfathers all the credit they deserve, but he refuses to pat them on the back for staying home evenings when they couldn't get out for snow-drifts and biting winds. Some of them do not to this day remain at home piously because they want to. When they come to California they are no better than the rest of us—no better than these boys, pretty boys and homely boys, bright boys and dull boys, all sorts of boys and girls, who add zest to life and picturesqueness to the streets.

There is something about outdoor life which awakens the faculties. Do you see that boy listening to the stroke of the fire bell, or the whistles calling the engines? He knows the locality of the fire quite as well as the firemen.

Boys know the policemen on the beat, and every dog in the district. Between dogs and boys there is a secret agreement which serves as a means of the dogs' escape from the clutches of the poundman.

The newsboys are *sui generis*. There is nothing quite like a newsboy. They are quick, intelligent, energetic and resourceful. They are good-natured, but always ready to fight, and knows the contents of the papers they carry under the arm. Richard Harding Davis made the hit of his life when he wrote "Gallagher," who, by the way, was a newsboy, and in whom the novelist found a tragedy. What tragedies there are selling papers, coasting the hills, or playing ball! God bless the children of the street!

Ministers Who Worry.

The attention of the Bystander has been called to a young pastor who wastes valuable time in fretting and worrying over the little things of his pastorate. This particular minister is just beginning his career. If he does not stop the habit of fretting he will never live out his days of allotted usefulness. One thing our theological seminaries should supply themselves with and that is nerves, real physical, literal nerves. It may be the profession, or it may be over study in the preparatory schools, but there is a nervousness among ministers which might be called ministeria.

If Mrs. Grundy criticises the sermon and goes to Mrs. Donothing and tells her about it, and this good sister carefully tells the good pastor what Mrs. Grundy says, it is enough to upset the good pastor for a week. If somebody leaves the church or stays at home on account of a convenient headache, or this deacon disagrees with a theological point, or that person thinks she is neglected in the pastoral visits, it is enough to give the unsophisticated young pastor ministerial sore throat. He cannot study, nor read, nor do his work properly. He preaches feverishly, and no man can do his best in a fever of worry and anxiety. Hundreds of ministers are ruined by worry, and many of them have excellent sermons on the subject. They don't practice what they preach. Preachers are not expected to please people, not to make them think of the preacher, but of themselves. The man who is hit with a bullet does not spend much time thinking about the gun which fired it. He thinks about himself.

This is a world of human nature—eccentric human nature. Some of it is stubborn and contrary and critical and inconsistent, and the sooner the pastor recognizes it as such the better. While he is not to be indifferent to the opinions of his people he must not, on the other hand, be a slave. If he does his best, let him rest on that and sleep the sleep of the just , no matter what Madam Grundy may say. Angels do not more. The Bystander sat in the office of a white-haired official—a much abused man—and he asked him what effect these published criticisms had upon him. The old official replied, "Do you see that door? When I leave the room and pass over the threshold of the door when my day's work is over, that ends it—I give it no further thought. Could I have lived seventy-five years if I had carried my work and the criticisms heaped upon me around with me to my home. No; I do my duty and that makes me happy and independent." The Bystander believes in

this gospel of freedom in a sense of duty done. Many ministers waste more nervous energy after a sermon than before. Better do the sweating before it is delivered and let the people do the sweating after it is uttered.

After all is said, it is a safe rule to follow, not to go into the ministry with the idea of pleasing everybody. The object of preaching is not to please, but to save men.

Easter.

And now comes this festal day of memory and hope, this day of commemorated victory set in the calendar of the Christian year like a solitary star.

It is the day when the Church strikes the victorious note. The approach to Easter, historically, is over a sorrowful way. Men walk by this Rembrandt expression of suffering reverently and find inspiration and refreshment in the glorious light of Easter day. Resurrection is sunburst. Crucifixion is shadow. There is a peculiar fitness in the revival of nature, when blossom and bud greet the great historical fact that Jesus Christ rose from the dead.

The Bystander recalls with a sense of real spiritual satisfaction the glimpse he had last year of how the Roman Catholics observe these days which mark the close of the Lenten season. In one of the cathedrals of Genoa, Italy, he saw the children of the peasants bring palms to the Christ, and, kneeling together under the great dome, sing hosannas, while the sun poured down upon them in a shower of color. The vast cathedral was crowded with devout worshippers, who marched among the sacred tombs and sang hosannas to his name. In such a service Protestants and Catholics could unite.

It was in Rome, however, where the festal spirit found its highest expression. The service in Genoa was but a prelude. The service in St. Peter's was a climax. The thousands who gathered under that mighty dome and listened to the music which filled the groined arches like the noise of many waters can never forget the spiritual impression of the occasion.

In the larger truths all believers unite in a common adoration. The smaller truths divide. Easter is a unifying fact in the history of the Church and reflects in its flowers, eloquence and music a world hope, a world peace and a universal joy.

Prayer.

By Frank Hugh Foster.

IV. The Answer of Prayer.

What has been already written answers fundamentally the question as to the answer of prayer. But it requires a more direct consideration still, to which we turn.

Yet, on the threshold of this consideration, as a caution and a preventive of certain forms of misunderstanding, it is necessary to remark that prayer and its answer are objects of faith themselves—not of sight. "He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that seek after him." This is so for various reasons.

First, many prayers seem to remain unanswered. At times the tired Christian is inclined to complain that none of his prayers are answered. He cries for relief from poverty, for the restoration of sick friends to health, for this or that special thing which he greatly desires, but he receives nothing for which he asks. He turns to the Bible, and finds it full of unanswered prayers. Even that last agonizing prayer of Jesus in Gethsemane, "Let this cup pass away from me," was not granted! Moses asks to be permitted to enter the promised land, Mary and Martha that their brother may be healed, Paul that his "thorn in the flesh" may be removed; but none of these things are granted. How can it then be claimed that prayer is always answered?

It would be unwise and incorrect to admit that even such prayers as these are truly unanswered, although they seem so, and will seem otherwise only to him who has faith. Prayer demands this form of faith. But faith can see a true answer. Our Lord's prayer in Gethsemane began with the words, "If it be possible." It was not possible. As he said himself, "For this cause came I unto this hour"; and his prayer was finally, "Thy will be done." Who shall say that that will was not done, wonderfully done, in the unending effects of that sacrifice which purchased the forgiveness of the whole world? And when Martha and Mary were denied their request, and their brother was lost to them for a time by death, it was that they might receive him again by resurrection—a far more direct, wonderful and glorious answer than his healing would have been. Paul, when he was denied, was not dissatisfied, for he cried, "Most gladly will I glory in my infirmities"—even in that thorn, "glory" in it!—"for, when I am weak, then I am strong!" The prayer in none of these cases was refused. The form was refused, but only that something better might be given. Faith sees the same issue in every prayer that seems denied. There is always some answer, and it is a better answer than the thing asked would have been.

Another reason why prayer is an object of faith is that no outward, material answer of prayer can ever be proved to be such. An Elijah prays for rain, and a man of modern science standing by points to the laws of nature and says, when Elijah declares that the rain was sent by God, that it came because a cold wind struck upon a warm body of air surcharged with vapor. And, he adds, the currents of air might have gone just as they did, even if there had been no prayer, and therefore you cannot prove that prayer had anything to do with it. That is certainly true if by "prove" be meant the same thing as is given by the processes of physical investigation into the nature of air currents and the laws of the condensation of moisture and the precipitation of rain. A poor widow, freezing and starving in her winter home, prays God for food and fire, and a good man comes just then with wood and abundant provisions and relieves her necessities. Can any one prove that the thought of her distress and the purpose to relieve it would never have come to his mind but for that prayer, since it must come on the same paths by which so many other ideas with which prayer has no connection come? No! There is no such proof, no physical, tangible proof, no vision of a connection between prayer and answer.

And yet, there may be good reasons for believing that there is such a connection. Demonstration, like that of geometry, is not the only proof, nor tangible evidence. Indeed, natural science has never seen the ultimate atoms, and has to take them on faith. Faith is no infirmity of religion, no excuse for failing to give good reasons. There are reasons for believing in prayer, even if they are not tangible ones.

1. Among these I mention first the instincts of men, everywhere leading them to prayer, are a proof of its reality. It used to be the form of stating this argument to go back to the "constitutional" needs and tendencies of things, and say that these were an indication of the purpose of God in adopting the plan of the creation. A good and wise God would not give a creature an inextinguishable natural demand for a thing which it could never have. But evolution has taught us in a much better way and with much more convincing power the essential truth thus formulated. To put it in the terms which Mr. John Fiske employs, life is an adjustment of

self to its environment. Long habits of adjustment, resulting in particular modifications of the self, are the very best indications of what the environment really is, for they have been produced by it. Any such habit, which has essentially contributed to the progress of a living form, is for that reason all the more evidently in conformity with the outward reality of the environment. Now, prayer is such a habit among men. It is original. And nothing is more unreasonable upon evolutionary principles of thought than to suppose that it does not find its corresponding reality in man's environment; and that reality is a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God.

2. A second reason is derived from those who have had the longest experience with prayer. They beleive most in it. I propose, here, an experiment to my readers. I have explicitly said that I am not writing for the edification of the older and more mature Christians in our churches. Now let some one for whom I am writing, who finds difficulty in this subject, go to one of those older Christians. Select the most earnest, faithful, holy Christian you know—some one who for years has been conspicuous for his love of prayer, for his attendance at prayer-meetings, and who possesses what we style "power in prayer." Ask him what has been his experience with prayer, and whether his faith in it has strengthened or weakened as time has gone on. I rest the case there, so far as this head is concerned; for I am perfectly sure of his answer. It will be that the more he has used prayer, and the more faithful he has been in observing its conditions, the greater has been his confidence in it, and the more remarkable his experience of its answer.

3. A third reason is the occurrence, now and then, of remarkable answers of prayer. Mr. Moody related one such in a voyage which he took upon the Atlantic, when a broken shaft tore a hole in the bottom of the steamer, and she came as near foundering as it was possible to come and not sink. The chances of escape seemed very, very small; but prayer was offered, and Mr. Moody believed it was in direct answer to this that a steamer was sent which saw their signals of distress and towed them back to port, just succeeding in accomplishing her object before her coal gave out. My readers, of course, cannot feel the certainty of Mr. Moody, for they were not there; and a much fuller recital of the story than this would leave them still in doubt. It is, as said above, a matter of faith; but to Mr. Moody it was one of the certainties of faith. There are such.

Another incident once related in my hearing is more remarkable, for no known physical laws can be brought in to explain it. At a certain early crisis in the history of American missions in Japan, when it seemed impossible to convince the young candidates for the ministry of the personality and work of the Holy Spirit, prayer was requested in their behalf of a certain circle of Christian friends in America. One night, at midnight, the Spirit seemed to fall upon that company of young men. Without concert and without knowledge of one another, they rose, as by one purpose, to pray, and began to agonize with God in prayer. In the morning it seemed as if the whole school was under the powerful conviction of sin. And after a time a letter was received, relating how Christians had assembled on a certain day for prayer for these young men, and it was found, upon making allowance for the difference of time, that prayer was being offered at the precise moment when the Spirit fell upon that sleeping company and roused them with one mind to prayer! Was not that an answer to prayer? "While they are yet speaking, I will hear."

4. I mention but one more reason. It is the teaching of the Bible. I do not mean, now, that there are a great many texts in the Bible that teach the answer of prayer. That is true. We read, "Ask and ye shall receive"; "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," etc. But I have a larger thought in mind. It is the undoubted teaching of the Bible that God answers prayer. To prove this would be a superfluity. But of what sort of a book is this the teaching? Of one of the most remarkable books in the world in its power to testify to what the race of man has found out in its long journey through this world. Its earliest portions, upon a conservative estimate, were written about the year 1000 B. C., and its latest about 100 A. D. Thus its composition occupied 1,100 years, and during that time its testimony to the reality of prayer was unaltered. Then, it has been in constant use, and heartily believed in its assertions about prayer, for 1,800 years more. Here are nearly 3,000 years in which that vast body of men who have constituted the Hebrew and Christian people has united in accepting the doctrine that prayer is answered. Has this no meaning? Is it not the testimony of the most important part of the whole race that they have found prayer answered? Could the Bible have retained its place, if men had not had, over and over again, in this long history, what seemed to them sufficient reason to believe in a prayer-hearing God? This is an argument, surely, large enough to be visible to the dullest eye. Let it have its due weight.

Among the Blossoms.

An Interpretation.

By F. B. Perkins.

"What is so rare as a day in June?" That depends upon location. Mr. Lowell's verse is correct for Massachusetts, but would require revision in California. It is in March and April that life here leaps into blossoms. Now do the prune, the peach, the apricot and the pear feel

> "The stir of might,
> The instinct within that reaches and towers,
> And groping blindly above it for light
> Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

Love calls to life, "Rise up, my fair one, and come away. Let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice." And she, in glad response, puts on her robe of glistening beauty, "smelling sweet," and hastes to meet her beloved.

Let us picture for ourselves the scene from the vantage ground of the Santa Clara uplands on one of these bridal mornings of earth and sky. Before us are its miles of flowering orchards, interspersed with cities, and hamlets, and rural homes. Encircling mountains rise about us; and upon the crest of one stands out the white dome whose eye nightly sweeps the heavens, and brings this little orb into harmonious relations with other worlds than ours. Over all, God's smile dropping benedictions.

The scene suggested is more than an imagination; it is a living reality, instinct with an intelligence which brings this bursting life within the range of human fellowship, and raises thought up to the great Oversoul, "whose body nature is," whose sheltering feathers are creation's refuge, and his brooding wings its trust. It is a revelation of the glory of the eternal God. Of the personal God; "who spoke and it was done, who commanded and it stood fast." The vision is not half complete unless through this outward show is discerned the radiant form of the Heavenly Father. Does the plow, which runs through these blossoming orchards, demand personality for its explanation, and shall the infinitely vaster and more complex machinery of nature

need none? Steps here are nothing. Evolution or individual creation—one or the other may seem the more probable theory; both alike and equally demand a Creator and Lawgiver at the beginning, and constant supervision throughout. I recognize the vast sweep of nature's forces, and the mystery which enshrouds them; but none the less I am sure that God *and* his world is a demand as imperative as God *in* his world, to account for its phenomena. "My soul thirsteth for God, the living God." It does not satisfy me to "touch the button" and have the product mysteriously delivered. I crave a closer conection with the source of supply, with the originating intelligence, feeling and will. Not only my heart and my flesh, but my intellect also, cry out for God. I cannot rest in phenomena. I revolt, as who of us does not, from the stupid unconcern of him to whom—

> "A primrose by a river brim
> A yellow primrose is to him,
> And it is nothing more."

But just as little can I juggle with atheistic or agnostic terms, when standing in such a scene of life and loveliness as we are now imagining. Rather am I constrained, in the interests of clear thought, to agree with the reverent ascription—

> "These are Thy glorious works, Parent of Good,
> Thyself how wondrous then!"

They speak to me, also—these blossoming orchards—of the beauty of the Divine Mind. From one of them I pluck a spray of flowers. What varied charms of form and color! How true the pencilling of each little petal! how exquisite its shading! Who among artists can be named as equal to these effects? Examined under the microscope even, choicest examples of the painter's art show as unsightly daubs; the finest mechanism or the most delicate fabric seems coarse and rough. Not so God's paintings, God's "cloth of gold."

I recall, also, that human thought and skill are not, in the last analysis, creative, but only re-creative. Its masterpieces are simply reproductions of divine ideas, applications of principles embodied in nature, imitations of effects wrought out by the Great Artificer, adaptations of materials made ready to hand. Fidelity to recognized models gives us our standard of success. That which is unnatural is monstrous and ugly.

The intelligent appropriation of God's art has thus enabled our ship builders to construct an "Oregon." Their ingenious mechanical devices, however, only simulate the phenomena of life. Their work shows for much, and it is much, but a single blossom of those countless millions which adorn our earth in springtime is an effect beyond the combined skill of the ages. It has involved the co-operative energy of all the forces which keep the universe in being. It is reproductive also—which the "Oregon" is not—pereptually the beauty of the Divine Mind in living forms, generation after generation.

Earth's gorgeous mantle also testifies to its Creator's delight in all forms of loveliness. His own personal enjoyment of it. There is no other spectator whose pleasure equals His; "for his pleasure they are, and were created." That pleasure, as we conceive of it, is akin to an artist's joy in the realization of his ideas, the workman's, in the product of his skill. It is appreciation and execution going hand in hand. The silvery robe spread over the landscape is his weaving, and every little flower which lifts its face to catch his smile is his child, and its beauty the reflection of his own ineffable loveliness.

There is comfort, also, in this thought, regarding the waste of beauty (we sometimes call it so), in places where the eye of man seldom, if ever, is gladdened by it. But it does not, therefore, lack appreciative observation. I may recall, at this point, a personal experience, in the ascent of Pike's Peak, Colorado. Far up toward the summit, above the timber line, almost above any vegetable growth, I came upon a flower—small, close to the ground, hidden away under a great rock, but perfect in form, bright in color and most delicately pencilled. Generations preceding, possibly, had bloomed unseen, "wasting their sweetness on the desert air." But was this really so? Was it nothing that God had watched those successive displays of loveliness? that he had seen in them his own thought realized? that he had, mayhap, put them in such surroundings purposely to relieve what had otherwise been unsightly and displeasing? And was it not something to have met his benignant gaze and won the glad response of the greatest heart in the universe? What a dreary look, indeed, much of the world must wear to him, were there no such mitigations of its deformity! And there surely is no nobler service for flowers or men, singly or together, in garden, orchard or desert, than to set forth the beauty of the Divine Mind, and to meet his rejoicing gaze with an answering smile.

A merely utilitarian world, however furnished for the maintenance of life, or the transaction of business, would be no proper training school for God's children, nor man himself fitted for its use., without the esthetic sense to guide him. What, for example, can the horse, which carries his rider through these scenes of beauty, make of them? Oats as an article of food he does appreciate; but he stands wholly unmoved at sight of growing grain bending to the caresses of the summer breeze; the splendors of the sunset so little to him, that he infinitely prefers his comfortable stall to any of them; the heights of Yosemite have in them naught to kindle emotion, and it doubtless seems inexplicable folly to urge him up the toilsome ascent only to turn about and descend in the same aimless fashion.

But for us these same scenes voice our Heavenly Father's call to walk and talk with him, as did they of old in Eden; to learn from him the fulness of creation's harmonies, and share with him every delightsome appeal to eye or ear, to taste or smell. This is the true food of man; not bread alone, but communion with the Divine Mind through every divine word. Without this his soul is starved, and life is a failure.

The office of beauty, however, is not limited thus. It is the shining robe of service. The law which it obeys is the same which God enunciated when he said, "Let the earth put forth green herb yielding seed, and fruit tree bearing fruit, after its kind." Nature's beauty is, as it were, unconscious, incidental and necessary. Like the "king's daughter, she is all beautiful within"; her charms the radiance of a queenly soul. God's thunder is not manufactured for stage effect; it is the crash of an elemental war. Nor does Niagara's flood pour over its rocky rampart merely to awe the beholders: it is the majestic march of God's waters to the sea. And it is this incidental feature which, amid the wonders of Yosemite, uncovers one's head and lifts the eyes far above the surrounding heights, in voiceless aspiration for that purity without which no man may see God. And this same characteristic subordination of beauty to service is the charm of these springtime blossoms.

That, too, explains their transitory stay. The splendor passes because it is but a stage of progress, not their only mission. They, too, like the child Jesus, are called to serve their generation faithfully; they, with like uncomplaining cheerfulness, to lay down their lives and pass on their treasures to enrich the days to come. They are with us long enough to afford a glimpse of the harmonious loveliness of the Mind which called them into

being; long enough to reveal God behind the shadowy glory of universal law; but not so long as to induce insensibility to these higher ministries, or dull our ears to the tribute they pay to him in whom all beauty glows.

Once more I turn to catch the keynote in this great song of praise. It is sacrifice; its tones now jubilant, now unutterably pathetic, yet never indistinguishable; and then most clear, when the ear is pressed to the heart of nature. It is beauty touched with sadness, which these shattered blossoms disclose. They are eyes whose brightness tells of unshed tears. So many of them die and leave no sign, passing away without the germs which should carry forward the fruit to perfection. This is the pathos of their story. Only a moiety of these sweet blossoms whose withered petals carpet the earth would seem to have fulfilled their mission—

"So careful of the type God seems,
So careless of the single life."

It is this, indeed, which makes them so apt a symbol for man. Sometimes it seems the most tragic feature of our earthly existence. So fruitless, apparently, is much of the treasure expended in the world's behalf! Such failure the recompense for its benefactors—toil and pain! Lives sorely needed, and full of promise, blighted in the flower; the unspoken word cut short; the work arrested before it could be passed on to other hands; the uselessness of the many offset by the successes of so few!

The pathos of it all grows upon one without relief, until thought runs up the shining way, and marks the same sacrificial law, enthroned and issuing its mandates to divine as well as human activities. Thus is God continually giving Himself to man in sacrificial service; too often, it would seem, in fruitless sacrifice; and thence, throughout creation, the law moves on, from highest archangel down to the tiniest flower that blooms amid Arctic snows.

It was the distinctive characteristic of Him who was the effulgence of the divine glory and the very image of God's person. The career of Jesus Christ ended in a catastrophe the most awful which ever overtook a human benefactor. The enrapturing vision of heavenly goodness beamed upon the world, only to become a memory of the sad-hearted disciples who "trusted that it should have been he who should have redeemed Israel."

But out of that evanescent glory, so early quenched in the lurid darkness of Calvary, a new world has issued, and his sacrificial death has opened up the true "fountain of life." Into ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands of other hearts, streams, "drawn from Immanuel's veins," have poured, and the desert over which his feet so painfully trod has been thereby transformed into a blooming paradise.

This is our cheer in gazing over the landscape now shining as with the robe of highest Deity. For when that robe shall have been laid aside, these hills and valleys will still be as a garden, wherein God and man walk together in holy converse. Not one of all these millions of blossoms will be really lost. Each one is God's fellow-worker, and the sharer in his unfailing designs. It has its task. It will accomplish its mission. As truly as did our Incarnate Lord, it will finish the work entrusted to it. To God and to man it has a mission of joy. Of God to man it is a revelation. And out before its little life stretches a future, which only the All Seeing Eye can measure, which eternity alone can disclose. May its history symbolize our own!

No life is all that the liver of it meant it to be when he began. We dream of building palaces, and we have to content ourselves if we can put up some little shed in which we may shelter.—Alexander Maclaren.

In the Orient.

By Susan Merrill Farnam.

After eight months spent in the leading capitals of Europe, the thought of returning to the Orient was a pleasant one. Its picturesqueness and its milder climate attracted us. We had temporarily almost forgotten the squalor, the filth and the smells, but a drive through Galata and across the bridge into Pera were sufficient to jog our memory. I once thought Jerusalem the filthiest city on earth, and there are certain portions of it that can scarcely be surpassed, but Constantinople leads in quantity, if not in quality of dirt.

One of our earliest objects of search was the American Girls' College at Sentari. A sail across the Bosphorus and a drive of a few moments brought us to the top of the hill and to the College. The steps leading to the buildings are bordered with pretty flower-beds, and an air of cleanliness, of order and of beauty prevails which is not native to the Turk and the Moslem.

We were cordially received by the professors, and were shown over the roomy buildings, from every window of which a grand view is obtained. Photographs of celebrated paintings line the halls in the form of a dado, and choice reproductions hang on every wall. The art department is well begun, if not elaborately equipped, and the student of art at this Girls' College today has a far better opportunity than was afforded at Mt. Holyoke a few years since. A cosy library, with fairly well stocked shelves, invites one to linger among its treasures. In Barton Hall hung the familiar face of Mrs. Kate Pond Williams, the first President of the college, whom we had known in our school-days. We were shown the airy dormitories and the large class room, and, like Christian in "Pilgrim's Progress," "were lead even to the top of the house," where, on every hand a magnificent view was spread before our enchanted vision. In the parlor the place of honor on the mantel was occupied by a photograph of our former schoolmate and lifelong, much-beloved friend, Mrs. Cora Welch Van Millingen. We had a warmer welcome and a firmer grasp of the hand from all who knew her there, because we had known and loved her. The bright, sunny room which was hers looks down on the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora and across to Pera and Stamboul, an enchanting view on every hand. It seemed almost a foretaste of the Paradise into which she has already entered. It was said of her, and with truth, that she charmed every one, from the diplomatic corps down to the gypsy on the street. Later on we visited her grave. A long drive outide the city, down the slopes of Asia Minor, brought us to the English Cemetery, where the Crimean soldiers lie. A few moments' walk and we came to the pleasantest spot in the whole inclosure. Westward lies Stamboul and eastward Chalcedon, running out into the sea, like gilded, protecting arms. Close up presses a little wharf with lazy freight boats clustered around it and an occasional steam craft calling there, but the sounds of the boatmen do not reach this sacred spot. Here, on the very edge of the Sea of Marmora, with her little Dorothy beside, sleeps this loved and lovely missionary teacher, looking straight out to where sea and sky meet and speak of the invisible and of eternity. The lines of Catullus, at the grave of his brother, came to us here—

"O'er many a land and rolling wave
Alone I seek thy lonely grave,
And strew with flowers the sacred spot
And call thee, though thou answer not.
* * * * * * *
Take them, while every gift appears,
Wet with a brother's starting tears,
Who bids thee o'er thy narrow cell
A peaceful and a long farewell."

The venerable Dr. Riggs was then living in close proximity to the Girls' College at Sentari and we took the liberty of calling on and paying our respects to him. In his ninetieth year he was sitting serenely by his cheerful fireside, with mental vigor unabated, tenderly cared for by his daughter and granddaughter—the latter a recent graduate of Vassar. When he learned we were from California, he said, "Yours is a wonderful country; its progress during the last fifty years has been remarkable," and then gave, without hesitation or reference, the exact number of churches and church members in 1850 and in 1900—and spoke of the change from mining to agriculture as a leading interest there. This shows how he kept in touch with the times, although it is some thirty-five years since he had been in America. We asked him how long he had been in the missionary service, and his prompt response was, "Sixty-nine years." We said, "If you had your life to live over, would you follow the same calling?" "I should want to," was the reply. It seemed to us then that with him truly—

"All the jarring notes of life
Seemed blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm."

Since then he has "crossed the bar," and doubtless met his "Pilot, face to face."

Another day we visited Robert College, which is situated a little farther up the Bosphorus and on the European side of it. It was the day of the memorial exercises held in memory of Dr. Hamlin, and the living tributes paid to him by former pupils and friends here, on the spot where his greatest life work was done, were most impressive. His portrait, which hangs in the chapel, was wreathed in laurel. Dr. Washburn, the President of the college, presided. Dr. Long, who is at the head of the scientific department, who had known and labored with Dr. Hamlin, spoke of his personal characteristics, among which were his diligence and indomitable perseverance, his analytical mind, his ardent and practical philosophy; his personal interest in every one who had been a pupil; his great faith and deep piety; his simplicity of character and childlike gentleness. He worked with him during the cholera epidemic, and spoke of his work among the dying as so gentle, so inspiring. The same hymns which Dr. Hamlin selected for his funeral were sung here. Professor Jizigan, one of the first two graduates, spoke in Armenian of Dr. Hamlin's faith in God, and faith in men, and paid a glowing tribute to him. Professor Panantoff, also a student of Dr. Hamlin's, spoke in Bulgarian. Professor Ilion spoke in Greek. Mr. Sellar, formerly the British Bible Society's Agent, who lives in Bebek, and was a neighbor of Dr. Hamlin for thirty years, spoke of his beautiful qualities as friend and neighbor, and of his work among the British soldiers during the Crimean war. Dr. Herrick of the A. B. C. F. M. spoke of the group of men of mark which he found there forty-one years ago—Goodell, Dwight, Schauffler, Hamlin, Riggs. He emphasized the fact that Dr. Hamlin's greatest work was done between 1839 and 1861. Dr. Hamlin began to build Robert College, not forty, but sixty, years ago. He said: "We come not here to mourn When a man who has accomplished in one lifetime the work of twelve ordinary men is taken away, it is an occasion of thankfulness for what he has done. He was a knight without fear or reproach." To the students he said: "Imitate him in your lives, and that your last end may be like his is the best I can ask for you." And turning to his picture, he concluded with a glowing apostrophe to him who was wreathed with laurel here, but crowned already there with fadeless laurel.

A sail up the Bosphorus to the mouth of the Black Sea completed the day. Of all the palaces that line its shores one called the White Palace is pointed out to the tourist in whispers, for there is supposed to dwell the immediate predecessor of the present Sultan—a prisoner for twenty-five years, if indeed he is yet alive, which no one seems to know. Even the little steamer on which you sail makes a wide detour to avoid going near the palace. The Selamlik, or weekly visit of the Sultan to the mosque, on Friday—the Mohammedan holiday—to pray, is the occasion of great pomp and pageantry, and is the only time the people have an opportunity to look upon their sovereign, for with this exception he never passes beyond the gates of his palace. The distance from palace to mosque is only a few rods, but every avenue leading to it is guarded by soldiery, mounted and on foot. Each company of horse is mounted on studs of the same color, some companies on black horses, some on white, some on chestnut, and so on; and each man carries a Turkish flag, so that they are really an army with banners. The bright uniforms, the gaily caparisoned horses, the red banners, form a brilliant color scheme. To view the Selamlik a gallery enclosed in glass has been provided for special guests. Within this enclosure no opera-glass is allowed, no cane or umbrella, or anything that might possibly conceal a weapon. Every few feet a Turkish guard is stationed, and each person who enters is under constant surveillance. Through the kindness of the United States Charge d'Affaires we secured tickets of admission, where we had a fine view of the procession and of his Majesty the Sultan. The first carriages to arrive from the palace contained some of the ladies of the harem. As soon as they entered the grounds of the mosque the horses were detached, and the veiled beauties were allowed to sit in their horseless carriages and see what they could of the procession, but not to enter the mosque. Then comes a body of horsemen, followed by a few trusted officials on foot, and then his Majesty the Sultan, in an open barouche, accompanied by state officials, brilliant in gold embroidery, the driver of the carriage the most gaily dressed, the Sultan himself the plainest. A brief half-hour is spent in the mosque and when he comes out another carriage stands ready for him—an open phaeton, with a pair of beautiful Arabian horses. He enters it, takes the lines in his own hands, and without an attendant drives up the avenue to his palace, between a line of soldiers, and the scene is over.

In Jerusalem, a little way outside of the Jaffa Gate, is an old terebinth tree, and the Moslems have a tradition that when that tree falls their power is ended. At present there is just one branch left, and this leans far to one side, and is kept from falling by bands of iron passed around it, and around the old stump. To look at it one feels instinctively that its days are numbered, and that the handwriting upon it is "mene, mene, tekel, upharsin."

A Trip Across the Pacific

L. A. Seaver Whitney.

Promptly at the hour advertised the steamer pulled away from the wharf and the faces on the shore grew more and more faint. A few minutes more and we had left our loved land. Some of the more prudent ones went to their cabins, opened their trunks and made ready for coming events. One made wise by past experiences undressed and went to bed, with books and all needed conveniences near at hand, when down went the anchor and we were quiet. We were told we were to wait for some Porto Ricans, who were to arrive some time in the night on their way to the Hawaiian Islands as laborers.

Twelve whole hours we lay there in sight of the home lights, yet it seemed as if we were far away. We arrived at Honolulu without meeting any severe storms, and one morning from our port we saw a very beautiful sight. The sun was just touching the higher peaks with golden light, and below were the shades of green, with a dot of white here and there, where the homes were located. Nearer the ships were quietly riding at anchor, and on the shore the lazy surf was breaking. Everything was so quiet and beautiful. Later, when riding through the streets, we were much interested in the happy, easy appearance of the natives of the Islands. Too many have told of the sights to be seen for me to repeat them here. We were much interested in the grand work done by Mr. Damon and his associates among the Chinese, and carried on under many difficulties.

Our journey from Honolulu was uneventful. We were very thankful that we had no severe storms, and after twelve days one forenoon we were told that Fujiama was in sight—just a perfect white cone-like cloud, one hundred and fifty miles away in the distance, which grew larger and clearer as we came nearer, and at dark we were anchored within the breakwater of Yokohama Harbor and the lively Japanese boats were flying about us.

We touched at Kobe, then through the beautiful inland sea on our way to Nagasaki; then on to Shanghai. Many have asked if I were not afraid to come to China. Everything seems as quiet here as if nothing had ever happened. There are a few foreign soldiers camped on the outskirts of the Concession and they are sometimes seen on the streets, but every one is busy and many of the missionaries have, or expect to, soon, return to their work.

I have met some of those who were in the siege at Pekin, most of whom say they were not afraid. They were too busy. I asked some of them how they managed to look "so nice," when the soldiers came to Pekin. Most of them had on the only clothes they possessed and had tried to keep clean.

Many wonderful experiences have been told me. One gentleman said the Chinese official came to him one day and told him to leave his station immediately. He did not tell him why, but said, "Go at once!" He obeyed, and has since learned that the official, while he was talking, held in his hand papers from the throne ordering him to kill every foreigner in his district.

Last evening a gentleman who has just returned from a visit to some distant out-stations, one of which had the property destroyed in the summer, was met by the official in charge, and told that the Catholic property near that place was destroyed and the mob were in pursuit of two foreign priests to kill them both. They fled to the Yamen and the officer saw that it would be impossible for him to protect them. He sent word to the native pastor to leave the church property immediately; then he told the mob there was still the Protestant property, to go and pull that down, but not burn it. They went and pulled it down and when they returned the priests were beyond reach. Now, he says, I can pay for the property and the lives are saved.

It is nearing the Chinese New Year, and the shops and homes are being cleaned and put in good order. All debts must be either paid or new arrangements made for the next year. The best food and clothes are gotten ready for the one great holiday of the whole year.

True love to Christ involves a sense of obligation to Christ for unmerited mercies.

Love to Christ grudges not to bestow its best and costliest upon Christ.

A Chapter of Autobiography.

By Rev. William Rader in "Town Talk."

I was born during the Civil war. My decision to enter the ministry was reached in a little country school-house in Pennsylvania, Chester county, not far from the birthplace of Bayard Taylor.

The immediate influence which helped me to this decision was a school-teacher, whose sister, also one of my teachers, gave me the soundest flogging I have ever had the painful fortune to receive. She is now the wife of a prominent Congressman.

I was sent to an academy in New Jersey, where I won honors in oratory. Two of my schoolmates at Pennington are now prominent attorneys in San Francisco. Subsequently I attended Dickinson college, Pa., where I was a member of the Sigma Chi fraternity. I began to preach before the age of seventeen, and was pastor of my first church—two churches, in fact—before the age of twenty-two. For a number of years I was classed among that pulpy class of individuals known as "Boy Preachers."

My public life was commenced as a Methodist itinerant in Michigan, West Virginia and Ohio. I know what the circuit rider means, and as a boy traveled many miles, preaching to the people. I soon discovered that my temperament was not suited to the Episcopal form of government, and my "fatal fluency" of speech came very near blinding me to the necessity of a thorough training in theology. During this period I was set to work on a monthly periodical called "The Lamp of Life," a journal noted for its piety and poverty. I had a corner in the office of the Bay City, Mich., Tribune, where I worked early and late, gathering news items, folding papers, addressing the wrappers and mailing them. It always took me about one month to get off one edition. But in connection with this work I was made to cut wood for the editor, to assist his children with their Latin, and build three fires in the morning before the family arose. For all this I received the sum of ten dollars per month, and an experience which has prevented me from being a journalist.

In 1887 I began to look around for an institution which would give a young man a theological training without destroying his individuality. My attention was called to the Andover Theological Seminary, at that time the center of heresy. I had a taste of practical orthodoxy, and I longed for something free. The memory of my struggle for an education is one of mingled pain and joy. It was a terrible struggle, but it paid. When I reached Andover, five of the professors were on trial for heterodoxy. I saw them tried before the Massachusetts Supreme Court. We know no more about the heathen now than we did then; but it is a matter of satisfaction to know that one of the accused professors is President of Dartmouth College, another is President of Amherst College, and another has been made President of the Theological Seminary.

I studied in Andover with a Hebrew Bible in one hand and a baby in the other, sustained and helped by a wife who has been a constant inspiration to me in my life work.

I have always been grateful for having come in touch with New England. During my student days I had frequent opportunities to practice upon long-suffering congregations, who rewarded me with enough money to support me in the schools, and fed me on baked beans and brown bread to such an extent that I have never wished for these Boston luxuries since.

Personalities educate us, not books and curriculums of study. As I look back over my life, the strong forces

stand out with increasing clearness, and I must mention several notable men who greatly influenced my early life. The first was Henry Ward Beecher, to whom I listened with the same interest that a boy watches a fire-cracker explode. Beecher never thundered when I heard him, but there was always the sense of unburned powder in his vicinity that might go off at any moment. I have never had any use for your politic, namby-pamby, place-seeking, all things to all men sort of a man. Beecher has been America's greatest theological seminary, a seminary on legs.

Phillips Brooks was in the fullness of his power in Boston; whether in the pulpit or on the street, he always reminded me of the remark Sydney Smith made of Daniel Webster, "He looks like a cathedral." His downright, sensible earnestness won my attention.

Joseph Cook was giving his lectures in Tremont Temple, but he ran his exuberant rhetoric over narrow gauge rails, was never quite free, and did not greatly interest me. Professor Edwards A. Park was in the evening of his long life, when I knew him. He reminded me of one of those giant elms of New England, a great, strong, majestic man. More than once I waited for him when he went to the postoffice, that I might gather a few crumbs from the table of his mind.

The Rev. Richard Salter Storrs, D.D., of Brooklyn, New York, should be mentioned among those who influenced my boyhood. Dr. Storrs was, at the time of his death a year ago, the most polished orator of the Everett type living. He gave me valuable assistance when I went from the Methodist to the Congregational chuch. I heard a number of his great orations. I had often been moved by his matchless eloquence. He was for a half-century the Webster of the American pulpit, and illustrated George Herbert's definition of eloquence, "that which informs and inflames."

Among my acquaintances was John G. Whittier, the beautiful old Quaker. In the hospitable, oak knoll home near Danvers, Mass., I attended a birthday reception, which included the boys who came in from snow-balling, the village blacksmith and Governor Ames. The poet was eighty years old that day. I see him now before the blazing hearth, the old portraits, the satin pages from Whittier's "Reform School California," the barrels of kindling wood from Hampton Institute, Governor Ames cutting the birthday cake, the shadows of evening, and central in the picture beautiful, the white-haired friend, a miracle of art.

I have pleasant memories of Oliver Wendell Holmes, who invited me to his Beverly Farms home. He came perilously near destroying my preconceived opinions on religion. He figuratively picked me up, slammed me on the floor, stood me up, knocked me down, and struck me until I was dazed. If you turn to "Over the Teacups," you will find some things he said. My most vivid recollection of the little, scintillating autocrat is when he danced around the room in his stocking-feet, and talked about theology. He was going for a drive and changed his slippers for shoes, and during the process grew excited; so did I.

It was a great event in my life. I was face to face with a man who, while he talked out of one corner of his mouth, spoke with more brilliance than any man I ever heard. His words dropped like rapidly minted gold coins. He followed up this interview with letters which a servant accidentally destroyed.

My life thus far, like ancient Gaul, divides itself into three parts:

Part I. The boy with the struggles peculiar to a boy pushed out into the world altogether too soon, but with the inspiration of a good parentage, of staunch Pennsylvania Dutch stock. It was not the conditions of my pleasant home that sent me so early into life, but the inordinate ambition to travel and know the world. At the age of twelve, in company with another boy equally foolish, I ran away for a week, with the expectation of killing Indians in the West, but like the prodigal returned to partake of the fatted calf.

Part II. The period of preparation by active work. During this period of my life, my purpose ripened and I began to prophesy. My father at first strongly opposed my going into the ministry, a profession so apparently contrary to the vigorous and sometimes singularly mischievous tendencies of my boyhood, but my passion to deal with the public and give my message to the world swept me into the pulpit and on the platform. The pulpit of the twentieth century ought to be a throne of power, for the man who is able to sacrifice secular ambition for spiritual results.

Part III. Begins with my graduation at Andover, from whence I went to Biddeford, Maine; then to Oakland, Calif., where I remained three years as the colleague of Dr. McLean in the First Congregatonal church. For more than five years I have been pastor of the Third Congregational church, San Francisco.

The duties of a parish immeasurably larger than my church have made it impossible for me to use my pen very much, though in addition to some matters now in the hands of publishers, two conservatve London weeklies publish many of the sermons of the Third church. My varied experiences, which run back to North Coventry along the Schuylkill, almost within sight of General Brooks' old farm, where the Alleghanies break up into chestnut-covered hills, increase my love for my country, and inspire respect for the people in whose behalf I sincerely do my work, for which there is no better field than here in California.

Woman's Home Missionary Union.

The springtime quarterly meeting of the Home Missionary Union of Central California was held in the Berkeley First church, Thursday, March 21st. "Coronation" was sung as an opening hymn. Mrs. E. S. Williams, the president gave as the Scripture reading a verse from Jude, "Keep yourselves in the love of God." One way to keep in the love of God, she said, is by ministry to others. From her home in Saratoga she had been interested, during these beautiful spring days, in watching the development of a certain tree. Sheltered on one side by the hills,and receiving at the same time the warm sunshine, this favored side put forth its growth much more rapidly than the less favored side. So we, by keeping ourselves exposed to God's sunshine, would find ourselves in his love with consequent growth and development.

We were led in prayer by Mrs. Williams, after which she expressed the pleasure of the Union in being able to meet with the Berkeley church.

Reports of auxiliaries were then heard, the list called by Mrs. Perkins. Many of the auxiliaries were heard from, and the reports, with only a few exceptions, showed encouraging progress. Mrs. Haven gave a report of the treasury.

The secretary read report of last meeting. Mrs. Perkins gave a report of boxes sent since September, 1900. The newly appointed secretary of young people's work, Miss Myrtle U. Simpson, was asked to come forward at this time, and was in this way introduced to the audience.

She told briefly the plan of work among the Christian Endeavorers which she hopes to carry out, and expressed great pleasure in the privilege thus given to her. A hymn and benediction closed the morning session.

The afternoon opened with a Cradle Roll exercise, beginning with the children's hymn, "Sweet Story," followed by appropriate Scripture reading from Mark x, by Miss Piper, Superintendent of Cradle Roll, and prayer by Mrs. Perkins. Miss Piper then read the names of five new members of the Cradle Roll, two of whom were present and came forward to receive the membership certificates. One of these two is a little Chinese girl, Ah May by name, who, with two other little Chinese girls, then sang "There is Sunshine in My Soul Today."

Mrs. Peck then brought greetings from the W. B. M. P. and gave a short address upon the work among Chinese women and children. She told of the pleasure of her own work among the women in China, and of the great need of Christian sympathy and love in these dark, sad lives; also of the eagerness with which the heathen women listen to the teaching of the, to them, beautiful white women.

Miss Gunnison, one of the workers in our San Francisco Chinese Mission, spoke next. She told in a most interesting way of her work, giving us glimpses of some of the homes into which she goes, day by day. Received with a great deal of reserve in many instances in her first visits, she has, by tact and persistence, been able to win the confidence of the mothers and the children, and in some cases she begins to see hopeful signs of a wish to learn of a better life.

We were favored with a beautiful solo by Mrs. Mills of Berkeley.

Mr. Harrison, Home Missionary Superintendent for Central and Northern California, gave an address. In the necessary hum-drum work at the close of the H. M. year, he regretted his inability to prepare an address worthy of the occasion.

Some facts in the half-century's work of the H. M. S. in our State were related. Statistics do not always tell the story of work done in isolated places.

Some of our strong men and women about San Francisco Bay have come from these home missionary fields in the interior of the State. About $2,500 are needed in the next two weeks, before the close of the year, to enable the State to assume self-support for the coming year. Self-support means a great deal of earnest effort as well as enthusiasm.

Mr. Harrison's address was followed by the collection.

At the suggestion of Mrs. Perkins, a unanimous vote of thanks was given to Berkeley church for the delicious luncheon, the decoration of the church with beautiful and fragrant flowers, and all the generous hospitality of the day.

The singing of the Doxology and the benediction by Rev. Mr. Burr closed the afternoon session.

The searching tests of affliction reveal to us how much of the old leaven of corruption is still hid in our hearts; how cold and gray are the ashes on the once burning altar of devotion and love; how the damp air of worldly conformity has rusted the once polished mirror that gave back the image of Jesus only; how the sight of evil has photographed its own dark likeness on our sensitive souls. Oh, there are many humbling discovereies made of secret, unsuspected, unrepented sins; and the painful conviction forces itself slowly upon our minds that we have made less progress in the Christian life, that we are less spiritually-minded, less meet for heaven, than we imagined. We are made a wonder and a grief to ourselves; and with deep self-abasement and self-renunciation we bow down at the foot of the cross.—Selected.

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. F. B. PERKINS.

Lesson 1. April 7, 1901.

We Believe that Jesus Died and Rose Again. (Luke xxiv: 1-12.)

Such for 1900 years has been the common faith of the Christian Church—a real death, an actual burial, and a physical resurrection, of the Man Christ Jesus. That is the position which the following "notes" will endeavor to state and to justify. In doing this free use will be made of notes prepared several years since, and published at the time in The Pacific.

Dead.

The death of Jesus was a fact. (1) The narrative unequivocally declares it. "When Jesus had cried with a loud voice, he said, 'Father into thy hands I commend my spirit,' and having said this he gave up the ghost." A little after the Roman guard coming to Jesus "saw that he was dead already; howbeit one of the soldiers, with a spear, pierced his side." (2) The centurion so reported the matter to Pilate (Mark 16: 44,45). (3) The chief priests acknowledged the same on the following day (Matt. 27: 62-64). (4) And there were other significant events, such, *e. g.*, as the rending of the temple veil, and the attendant phenomena (Matt. 27: 51-54).

Buried.

This, too, is a fact, about which there can be no reasonable doubt. The story is both explicit and detailed. It shows how the body came into the hands of friends, and records the names of those who obtained it from Pilate. It is specific, also, as to how the body was prepared for burial, where it was buried, and who, besides the principal actors, witnessed the transaction (Luke 27: 57-61). (John 19: 39,40).

Raised from the Dead.

This is the citadel of the Christian faith; and, because it is so, the point of sharpest conflict. It was remembered at once, in connection with the death of Jesus, that he had also foretold his resurrection. The effort of his enemies was therefore directed to the prevention of any occurrence which might seem to lend color to the claim. The better to guard this point, the chief priests secured the guard of soldiers from Pilate (Matt. 27: 62-66). The following claims, therefore, seem to carry the force of a demonstration: (1) The body was not removed from the tomb by enemies. All their interests lay in the other direction (Matt. 27: 64); they took special precaution against any surreptitious removal; and their charge was a story concocted to save their own credit (Matt. 28: 11-16). (2) Nor could it have been effected by the disciples, who had not the ability, even if they had had the will, to attempt, much less accomplish, such a feat, in face of the guard (Mark 16: 13; Luke 24: 3-6; John 20: 2, 8, 9).

The origination of a false report of their Lord's resurrection by the disciples is equally incredible. Nothing was further from their thoughts than such a miraculous rising from the dead as actually occurred (Matt. 28: 5-7; Mark 16: 3-8; Luke 24: 10, 11, 17, 20-24; John 20: 2-9).

In opposition to any and every lesser claim, therefore, we affirm that the resurrection of Jesus Christ was a real and true revival from the dead; that, in it, the Incarnate Son took again that life, which he had voluntarily laid down in man's behalf (John 10: 17, 18); that he, who on the ninth day of April, A. D. 30, came forth from Joseph's tomb was the same Jesus who, on the previous Friday, delivered up his spirit into His Father's hands (Luke 24: 36-43). This is the essential fact. Of the

changes wrought, by the resurrection, in his condition and relations, we shall have occasion to speak in the lessons following. But these do not touch the central fact. As to the agency employed, moreover, it may be affirmed, that (1) he went forth by his own divine power (John 2:19), and, (2) by the power of the Father (Acts 2:24). A profound mystery but an undeniable fact.

Incidents of the Resurrection.

Of the event itself there were no witnesses, and there is no record. We only know that there was a great earthquake; the descent of an angel; the rolling away of the stone, upon which then the angel sat; and the terror of the guards. Amid such surroundings the Lord went forth.

What followed this stupendous mystery, however, is fully narrated by the evangelists; each one fastening upon the features most germane to his memoirs. For today, we have but a single incident,—the discoveries of the women. There were several of these; Mary Magdalene, Joanna, the mother of James, and some others. Two days before they had watched (Luke 23:55) while the beloved form was tenderly borne, with kingly honors, to the unpolluted tomb. Then they had rested on the Sabbath, according to the commandment. But in the early twilight which precedes the dawn, of the first day of the week, they again sought the sepulchre, laden with spices for completing their interrupted service of love (Mark 16:1). The sun was just rising as they neared the tomb. They were talking over the difficulties they would probably encounter, when, lifting their eyes, they marked evidences of change! The great stone had been lifted out of its place, and the door was opened! What could it mean? Their worst fears were apparently realized. The grave had been rifled. At once, not waiting to investigate further, Mary Magdalene started back to notify Peter and John (John 20:1,2). The other women continue on, see the evidences of a great commotion, look into the open grave, and, stooping, enter. The sacred body they find not; but see two angels in dazzling brightness, who declare the astonishing fact "Fear not ye," are their words: "for I know that ye seek Jesus which hath been crucified. He is not here; for he is risen, even as he said. Come see the place where the Lord lay. And go quickly and tell his disciples. He is risen from the dead and lo, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him; lo, I have told you." Then they remembered. It was just as the Master had foretold. How strange their forgetfulness! And so, trembling with fear and great joy, they hastened on their errand. On the way Jesus Himself met them, and spoke comfortingly to them (Matt. 28:5-10; Mark 16:3-8; Luke 24:2-10). But alas, for the sluggish hearts of the other disciples, their words declaring the fact "appeared to them as idle talk; and they disbelieved them." Simultaneous with this must have been the race of the guards back to Jerusalem, and their report to the astonished Jewish officials (Matt. 28:11-15).

Proofs of the Resurrection.

1. It was just what was to be expected. This, I take it, is the force of Peter's statement that "the pangs of death were loosed, because it was not possible for him to be holden of it." The Lord of Life (John 14:6) could not be given over to the power of death. Jesus being what he was, not his resurrection, but his continued death, would be the incredible thing.

2. His enemies conceded the fact. (1) In some way, despite their precautions, the grave, wherein they had, they thought, buried both him and his cause, was found despoiled of its prey, just when and as he had said it would be. (2) The body was never discovered. (3) The guards bore witness to phenomena and experience such as fitted the declared event.

3. The assertions of the disciples, also, are distinct and positive.

4. These assertions are doubly significant in view of their mental condition at the time. Not one of them would seem to have grasped the idea of resurrection as a possible occurrence. The enbalming and burial of Friday, as well as the preparations for renewing the same on Sunday, are strong indications of this. So is the sorrowful confession of Cleopas (Luke 24:20-24). They did not credit the first reports of it (Luke 24:11; John 20:24,25). They were in no condition mentally or spiritually for originating such a theory. And the consequences of such an avowal were sufficient to have prevented it in the first place, or caused a recantation of it, if untrue.

5. The Christian Church, and the Christian Sabbath, both facts, historically proved, and dating back to the time of Christ, are unimpeachable evidence. Christian ideas, Christian ethics, and Christian civilization, all are phenomena to be accounted for, both as to origin and development. They are easily explained, if the resurrection of Jesus is a fact, but utterly incomprehensible otherwise.

The Practical Value of the Resurrection.

1. It betokened God's approval of Christ. It involved the ratification of all his claims. In the words of St. Paul, He was declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness, by the resurrection of the dead" (Rom. 1:4).

2. It was God's emphatic "yes" to Christ's prayer from the cross. The whole tragedy of the crucifixion, in one aspect of it, was just the plea of Jesus for the salvation of the race. Such, indeed, was the royalty of his character, the largeness of his love, the reality and extent of his self-sacrifice, that we must, even without this testimony, have been inspired with hope for the success of his mission. But the resurrection places that success beyond a question. In tones loud enough to be heard in earth's darkest spot, and by the most despondent soul, the father repeats His testimonies: "This is my Beloved Son" "Look unto me and be ye saved all the ends of the earth."

3. It identified Jesus with that mysterious Deliverer who is continually passing across the pages of the Old Testament Scriptures; completed the harmony of their apparently irreconcilable features; locked them all into one glorious unity; and thus displayed Christ to all people through all ages as the universal Savior King.

4. It solved the problem of the spiritual life. It showed us the beloved Master as a living Force in that larger universe which stretches around our little world. It threw light upon the question of his continued power to save. Not merely through remembered words, nor through inspirations taking form in characters and passing down through successive generations; not thus alone, but through the personal activity of a living agent are his wonders wrought. He is alive forevermore. "He ever liveth to make intercession."

5. He has opened heaven also for all saints. "Many of those that slept came out of their graves after the resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many." So he joins together our broken lives, enables us to contemplate without despair their incompletions and failures, gives courage in trial and steadiness in the pursuit of the highest good, restrains the anguish which bursts all other bonds when we stand beside the open graves of beloved friends, and cheers our own passage through the mysteries of death.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

Dead to Sin, Alive to Christ. (Eph. xi; 1–10)

Topic for April 7th.

This is to be an Easter meditation. Perhaps no larger theme ever enters the human mind than those thoughts which are suggested by life and death. Our Easter season is a joyous one, as it ought to be. But what a pity it is that our mind is so much more impressed by contemplations of physical life and death than by the life or death of thought and experience. The resurrection of our Lord, which has given to Easter all its significance and value, was the elevation of another kind of life and death above the physical. It revealed to man, as nothing else could make it known, how relatively insignificant is mere existence or the ending of it. Easter is not best celebrated by heaping flowers upon old graves, or wreathing afresh the sacred names of those whose presence here was so precious to us. This may be comforting, but there is something better.

* * *

To be dead while one is still thinking and moving and planning and expending energy, is the dreadful possibility. Suppose a man is highly cultivated in the love of the beautiful. Suppose that all art and nature can thrill him with their colors, their harmonies and their suggestion. If such a man were instantly deprived of his sight, and he were to live on always conscious of what was around him every day, and yet unable to catch the faintest glimpse of it all, what a death that would be to that man! May not the "second death" of which the Revelation tells us, be the consciousness of what the Christian life contains, with no ability to enjoy it or attain it. To have arisen from the desire to do any selfish thing, to the "hunger and thirst" for a character and a life like that of Jesus Christ is the most majestic resurrection possible. That is an event worth celebrating.

* * *

Think of it! In a time when we are living for self and doing selfish things, when we may have been doing some commendable deeds, but on the whole had not put the will of Jesus Christ as the constant and perpetual motive of living, God "quickened" us! Read this passage again! He "quickened us together with Christ * and asked us up with him, and made us to sit with him in heavenly places in Christ Jesus!" The joy of Easter is surely in its anticipation. The outlook of the future life is enough to inspire our lofty songs and to decorate every loved spot with blossoms. But the real resurrection to be celebrated by the Christian is that which has already taken place. Past events and present facts are the most suitable cause of our rejoicing on this anniversary. The resurrection through which the Christian has already passed is more important than any he will experience in the future.

* * *

Think of the man who could walk out into this earth with the consciousness that pain and disease and sorrow and disaster of any kind could have no lasting effect upon him! He faces every desirable possibility of heart of culture, of possession, of influence and of attainment, and is assured that they are all his certain inheritance! What kind of rejoicing ought to belong to such a person? But that is just what has been done for the actual follower of Jesus Christ. Paul says: "All things are yours and ye are Christ's." Once we were doing the desires of the flesh and of the mind," but now "we have the mind of Christ." Notice in this reference, how the writer puts everything in the past tense. The great transaction is done. No wonder that our Savior on the cross exclaimed, "It is finished." Let this Easter be a glad occasion because we are given the power to live to righteousness. We can live in a world of sin, and yet be insensible to its approaches to us.

* * *

"We are * created for good works," this passage affirms. How often we hear people say: "I was born to be an artist" or "I was born to be a business man." Perhaps so. It is not always easy to be sure in such statements. Misfits in life are not rare. He would undertake a great hazzard who would guarantee to put every man into his right place in this world. But of one thing we may be confident, we have been made dead, unresponsive to the suggestions of temptation, and made alive to Christ, that is, sensitive and responsive to all that he is and all that he teaches, that our daily plans and movements may be in the line of "good works."

* * *

Let us be something more than spectators or even workers in the decorative and festive preparations for this Easter commemoration. Like a general overlooking the battlefield, let us survey our fields of conflict to see whether there are not sins to which we are somewhat alive, when we ought, by every token of this anniversary, to be dead to them. To-day let us make Jesus Christ our fortress on every exposed point of character or position. This is springtime. How much that is new is out to-day—new flowers, new buildings, new apparel, new paint on our dwellings and new fields of grain. So may may our life be new. Let Jesus raise us out of some things that we ought to leave, and let him raise us into some things which are new and beautiful as Easter lilies.

The Clipping File.

One of the best devices for the preservation in a classified manner of press clippings, notes, memoranda, etc., is the Clipping File, which consists of a series of strong jute pockets, 8 x 10 inches in size. Each pocket is devoted to a particular subject, a blank for such being provided in the margin. A set of these pockets, with index card, go into a case made of strong rag board, and handsomely bound in cloth. In size it resembles a quarto volume, and stands on end instead of lying flat, thus allowing a ready access to the pockets. There is no waste room, and one can extend the system indefinitely, beginning with only one case, or volume, and adding what he wishes, or buying a set at once. The inventor is a literary man of many year's experience as editor and college professor, and in other positions where experience has taught him what is most needed in classifying clippings and other references to everything in the range of human knowledge. The price is $1 a volume, with a discount when five or more are taken. Address "The Clipping File Company, Cleveland, Ohio."

Mining for wood is a curious industry of Mengtze, in Upper Tonking. A pine forest was here swallowed up by the earth at some time in the past, and the trees—some of them three feet in diameter—now lie in a slanting position beneath about 25 feet of sandy soil. Being imperishable, the wood from these timber mines is prized by the Chinese for coffins.

Experiment has shown the curious fact that oil on the surface of mica reduces the insulating power of the latter for alternating currents one-half, but water has no effect. All kinds of oil gave the same results, as did also immersion of the mica in oil.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

President.....Mrs. A. P. Peck.
819 Fifteenth street, Oakland.
Treasurer.....Mrs S. M. Dodge.
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Home Secretary.....Mrs. C. B. Bradley.
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576 East Fourteenth street, Oakland.
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2511 Benvenue avenue, Berkeley.
Treasurer Young Ladies' Branch.....Miss Grace Goodhue.
1722 Geary street, San Francisco.

Turkey.

[Extracts from Mrs. Baldwin's letter from Broussa, Turkey dated January 22, 1901.]

I have done very little writing since I came home * * * and besides, my arm does not get strong, nor free from pain; so that, at times, I am very much discouraged. To live and work in this busy world without using one's right arm is as yet beyond my comprehension, and when I have done as little as I think I can, there seems no power left for the pen. My housekeeping arrangements since my return have been most unsatisfactory, for, finding the number of boarders increased and their accommodations correspondingly cramped, we immediately suggested that the time had come for the Nigobossian family to move out so that we might use the whole building; and, moreover, appreciating at once the necessity of such a large family having a real head, we proposed living with the girls until, at least, a new teacher should come and get settled; that is, sleeping there and eating with the family of boarders, while Mr. Baldwin kept his rooms here at home and received those who wished to visit him here. Hence, we did not look for a cook, but have waited on from week to week, hoping Mr. N. would find the proper house. He has been exceedingly unfortunate, two different landlords having thrown up the bargain just as he was on the point of moving. In the meantime, his mother has died and one more room is available; so, at a great sacrifice of our own comfort, we have decided to occupy that room, solely that I may identify myself more fully with the school and try to bring it up to my ideal of what a school ought to be. Whether I shall succeed or not remains to be seen; but I trust you will pray for me and for the girls, that the Spirit may descend upon us and they be led to give themselves to the service of our common Master. * * * Tomorrow we shall begin the new arrangement, though there are many details still to be attended to. * * *

I enjoyed my few days' rest and visit with friends in Constantinople very much, especially to be once more with our old friends—our first friends when we came to Turkey—Dr. Riggs and his daughter, Mrs. Trowbridge. They wished very much that we should stay for his ninetieth birthday anniversary, November 19th; but of course we could not think of doing so. * * *

From Broussa to Constantinople we did not have a very pleasant sail, but the welcome at this end of the line soon made us forget it, and we drove at once to school, where the house was lighted up and the happy voices of the girls and teachers singing sweetly together was the first sound that struck our ears as we entered the gate. Then my feet flew and I was soon in their very midst. After dinner we had so much to talk about that we forgot we were tired until it was pretty late, and then we came to our home, which had been put into quite nice order. It is needless to say that I slept as I had not slept for months, and nine o'clock the next morning found me at my place in the school room, where the day scholars greeted me with as loving a welcome as their mates had done the night before. * * *

The excitement now on hand is of quite a different nature—Beatrice's wedding. The bridegroom has arrived and the event was to come off tomorrow evening, but has been delayed because the cards and invitations have not yet come from Constantinople. Next Monday evening is now spoken of. We went over to see her yesterday and take her our present, which was a baby organ, which we had ordered from America; for we felt that she must have music in her new home. The committee, too, who support a large number of orphans, knowing what she had done for them, sent her a pretty little silver watch marked "B.," and it was our pleasure to present it to her. Between the two she was quite overcome. She is a rare girl and we shall all miss her very much. I don't think any of the circle could be more missed. But I don't mean to be selfish, so I let her go, hoping she may shine for Jesus as brightly in her new sphere as she has done here. She is peculiarly the child of my love and care.

The seniors are working hard and it is just possible they may get through with the prescribed course by July, notwithstanding the lost two months at the beginning of the year. I have given most of my time to them so far, but now I must do more than I have done for the other classes. My will is good, but I can't count so certainly on my health and strength. One of the seniors, Rebecca, was sorely afflicted during the term. Her father died suddenly of heart disease. He went to his business as usual in the morning, came home early in the afternoon not feeling well, and died before Rebecca got home from school. This is the third pupil who has had a great sorrow come to her since vacation. Another lost her father, and another of the seniors lost her brother, just as he was about to take his diploma from a medical school in Constantinople. Then, between Christmas and New Year's, came the death of Miss Rebecca's mother. * * *

Beginning my work so late, and the fair weather holding on so long, I could not believe that Christmas had come, even when it was at the very door. As usual, we took the boarders over in the evening, Christmas eve, to see the Christmas tree lighted up for the orphans. Some time I hope we may have one on our side, that all the children may see, for some have never seen one. * * * Christmas day * * * we had our turkey dinner and plenty of things to make the day remembered. I was at home and so gave the school a half-holiday. * * * Then we went on with lessons a few days, until Friday, which was our great day. In the morning we trimmed the room * * * with burning brush—full of red berries—flags here and there, and evergreen where the girls wanted them (they never have too many, and those nice ones from California are so pretty!) * * * We made everything ready to receive our guests in the afternoon; and who do you think they were? The fifty orphans from Kaya Bashi, with teachers and a few other special friends of the school. We had an interesting program of Christmas hymns, recitations, Bible verses, dialogues and piano music, interspersed to give variety—motion songs, a carol, and so much of it was in English that you would have enjoyed listening. * * * After that all were ready for refreshments, which Mr. Baldwin and I provided, and a social time. There was cake and afterwards the apples and candy, and it was a pleasing sight to see our girls and the orphans enjoying each other. The exercises began at 1 o'clock, but the afternoon seemed very, very short.

We did not close school regularly till the following Friday noon, but all that week, in addition to lessons, I was sorting over cards and getting things ready for boys' school and kindergarten. To our girls I could give only a card—their present was having the orphans with them. A friend in Dresden sent me some specially pretty cards, which I gave as a little prize to those who stood first on the roll in deportment. Mrs. Cruikshanks from Los Angeles, and a Mrs. Winslow, formerly of California but now of Northampton, Mass., my sister-in-law and my niece, had sent some cards and a few scrap books, but it took time to sort them and get the right picture or book for the right one. Our school closed at twelve, then I hurried home and filled the basket for the boys' school of forty, and the teachers; there were large oranges, bright pink candy rings (generous in size) and an assortment of gifts—notebooks for the larger boys, bright covered blankbooks for the middle ones and a nice lead pencil, with a picture card for the smaller ones. * * * Then there was barely time to get to the kindergarten exercises. This is always the nicest of all to me, for Miss Demetra works away and gets up a beautiful entertainment, with only hints and helps from me, and I can sit and enjoy it as if it was all new. Their basket contained oranges and rings, with scrap books for the boys and a handkerchief, with a pretty card, for the girls; and it was just beautiful to see how happy they were; but no happier than when each little tot gave its own handiwork to father or mother, or whoever represented them; and there was even a bit of laced paper work, with a little pair of fancy slippers, for me. Then, by Friday night, all the children were dismissed for vacation.

Book Notices.

"The Fact of Christ." By P. Carnegie Simpson of Glasgow. This is an excellent statement of the claims of Christianity, and is just the book to put into the hands of young persons who are skeptical or who may be honestly seeking light. Many a preacher will find in it that which will enable him to present the truth more persuasively. [F. H. Revell Co., Chicago and New York, $1.25.]

"Helps for the Quiet Hour." By Rev. Jesse Bowman D.D. A collection of prayers, collects, and verses from many sources, with a prefatory essay on "The Culture of the Devotional Life." The author says truly: "One of the most helpful agencies for kindling the fires of devotion in the heart is the custom of pondering the choice devotional utterances of saintly men and women who in various ages have embodied in their lives the graces of the gospel." The selections are choice, and we heartily commend the volume. The poem on the cover page of The Pacific last week was found therein. [Eaton & Mains, New York; 1037 Market street, San Francisco; 80 cents net, postpaid.]

"The Unaccountable Man." By Rev. David James Burrell, D.D. A volume of sermons, the first giving the book its title. All are thoroughly evangelical, and the reading of them would give strength to any Christian life. Among the subjects we note The Privilege of the Strong, A Cup of Cold Water, Christlikeness, Sowing and Reaping, The Potter and the Clay, What We Know About Heaven, and Back to Christ. The sermon on "The Unaccountable Man" exalts Christ. Its conclusion is: "We have besides the gospels the light of history to guide us. The Christ who was crucified has been walking through the centuries, teaching and working wonders. The world grows better and brighter by the power of his truth and under the luminous shadow of his cross. If he were to appear today, my friend, in person before you, lifting his pierced hands, as in the presence of doubting Thomas in the upper room, what would you say? You must in all reason face before him as Thomas did, saying, 'My Lord and my God.'" [F. H. Revell Co., Chicago, $1.50.]

Church News.

Northern California.

Salmon Creek.—During the thirteen months of its existence twenty-six have been received into membership, nineteen of the number coming in on confession of faith. During the same period thirteen adults and four infants were baptized. The church took its offering for home missions in February, at which time the sum of $24 was realized, the year previous the amount being $6.

Loleta.—The annual offering for home missions was taken Sunday evening, March 17th, at which time a program by the Sunday-school was rendered. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion with callas and ferns, and over two hundred and fifty people were present. The sum realized amounted to $34, or $14 more than the amount asked for by the Home Missionary Committee. In 1900 the church gave for missions $18 and in 1899 the sum of $7 was raised for the same purpose. During the past year fifteen have been received into the church, nine of the number coming in on confession of faith.

Southern California.

Eagle Rock and La Canada.—The churches bereaved not long since by the death of their pastor, Vangelist H. G. Smead, are now favored by the ministrations of Rev. Otto Anderson, formerly pastor of the church at Sierra Madre.

Ontario.—Rev. John Barstow has made many friends during his short pastorate here and his congregation was hoping for a long period of service from him. But his physicians insist on his giving up preaching for a time and his resignation is in to take effect April 1st. Mr. Barstow will go for a while to the higher altitude of Claremont.

Nevada.

Reno.—The twentieth session of the Nevada Legislature, recently concluded, accomplished some good things for the moral welfare and honor of the State. It killed outright the lottery octopus and passed a local option law which is a good initiative in temperance legislation. The University received certain benefits in the way of appropriations for needed improvements, and the city of Reno is permitted to levy a tax for library purposes. The Reno Journal finds reason to rejoice in many signs of prosperity for the State in general and Reno in particular. In such a season of good times our one Congregational church in Nevada hopes to share largely, and so become able to give freely in the future as it has received in the past.

Married.

At Cloverdale, California, Wednesday, March 20, 1901, by the Rev. H. E. Banham, the Rev. William L. Jones of Pomona, and Miss Elizabeth Armstrong of Cloverdale.

Notes and Personals.

Professor R. R. Lloyd expects to start this week on an Eastern trip.

We meant to say last week that recent reports showed the church at Santa Cruz to be in excellent financial condition—the best in many years. By the compositor the word "first" was substituted for "best."

Rev. M. Angelo Dougherty of Cambridge, Massachusetts, who has been in California for several weeks, will read a paper at the next meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity.

The First Congregational church of Los Angeles is considering a proposition to sell its present property for $65,000 and to purchase the Simpson Auditorium for $33,000. Should this be done, about $25,000 will be spent in improvements on the property purchased.

Rev. Chas. R. Brown will give his lecture on "The Greatest Man of the Nineteenth Century" in the First Unitarian church, San Francisco, Friday evening, March 29th. This is the address given recently at the Unitarian Club dinner, where it was well received and of which the Pacific Unitarian says: "No such burst of enthusiasm as attended the conclusion of Dr. Brown's tribute to Lincoln was ever experienced in the Unitarian Club."

The Commencement exercises of Pacific Theological Seminary will be held on Monday and Tuesday, April 8th and 9th. The dinner for the alumni will be given on Monday evening at the First Congregational church, Oakland. Tuesday, at 10 a. m., the meeting of the alumni will be held. At 2:30 p. m. the graduation exercises will occur, the address being given given by President Stubbs of the University of Nevada. Then will come the conferring of diplomas by President McLean, followed by a farewell conference and communion in the chapel. In the evening, at eight, there will be a "Farewell to Seminary Hill." There will be addresses by Drs. Mooar and Pond, Rev. H. E. Jewett and others.

The Santa Barbara News of March 22d tells of a large attendance at the Congregational church the evening of the previous day, and of songs and recitations by the Chinese of that mission. The News says: "The meeting was held in honor of a visit from the Rev. W. C. Pond, D.D., the head of the Congregational church's work amongst the Chinese of the Coast. He comes to Santa Barbara each year and his visits are bright places in the memories of the Santa Barbara mission Chinese. Dr. Pond is a pioneer in this good work and has earned the confidence of all Chinese, heathen or Christianized, on the coast, and of contributors to the work. He knows the Chinese character and how to deal with Chinese. Those who heard his remarks at last night's meeting must have realized that Dr. Pond is the right man in the right place."

The Spanish Evangel finds a close relation between the California Spanish work and missions in Mexico. In the last number it is said: "Some of us who once labored there have the frequent privilege of ministering to former Mexican parishioners. On a recent Sunday, there were in attendance at the Pomona meeting five members of the Congregational Mission-church of Chihuahua, Mexico. They brought pleasant word from beloved missionary associates of other years. At the same meeting was a one-time member of Mr. Case's Parral congregation. There was also present a young Mexican from Guadalajara, who had at times been one of the curious listeners outside the door of the Congregational chapel there. On his way north, he stopped for a time in Chihuahua and fell in with relatives of one of our Christian Mexican families of Pomona. A letter of introduction brought him to them; and here he has accepted the Bible as his guide and Jesus as his Savior."

The San Francisco Town Talk has been publishing a series of autobiographies of well-known Americans. Recently it had an interesting chapter by the Rev. William Rader, which we reprint this week. Town Talk says in connection with the autobiography: "Mr. Rader is probably one of the most popular clergymen who have ever occupied local pulpits. All sects listen to his teachings, and especially strong magnets are his Sunday-night lectures. Having traveled widely in the United States, and lately in Europe, Mr. Rader has many interesting subjects to talk about, which he expounds in very charming English and a most entertaining way. He is wide-awake and up to date, and keeps abreast of all the questions of the hour. The magnetism of his personality is intensified by the sincerity of his utterance. There are two things that particularly impress one about the pastor of the Third Congregational church—his geniality and his wonderful energy. He seems to have taken his motto from Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life'; he is always up and doing."

A Rare Chance.

Dean Swift was once asked to preach a charity sermon. He made it short—"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord. If you like your security down with your dust."

I can offer the same security to the women in our Congregational churches.

The Woman's Home Missionary Union of Northern California needs a thousand dollars by April 1st to do her full share towards coming to self-support in Home Missions in our aspiring State. All through our fruit-growing valleys the prunes are still lying in the packing houses. The women of the orchards therefore have little money to give. But in our larger churches there are women who can lend to the Lord in this last emergency, so far as concerns our duty to the "dear mother of us all"—the Congregational Home Missionary Society, which has brooded nearly all our churches. If ten women will give one hundred dollars each, or, better yet, one hundred women ten dollars each, we can enter on a new year of work for ourselves with great self-respect—"He giveth twice who giveth quickly." Send your check at once to Mrs. J. M. Haven, 1329 Harrison street, Oakland. She is a watchful and faithful Treasurer, but the Lord also sitteth over against the treasury and his promise is sure. "Give and it shall be given unto you."

Frances L. Williams, Pres. W. H. M. U.

Wanted.

An assistant superintendent for an orphan asylum. One of the special duties, care of boys between 10 and 14. Send applications to R. Thompson, 330 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal. 2t

In the sun-glass treatment of Dr. H. T. Webster, cancerous growths are burned off by the concentrated rays of the sun, and it is claimed that cures have been effected by three or four cauterizations at intervals of a week. The parts are burned at each time so as to smoke freely. It is suggested that not only is the malignant growth destroyed, but that adjacent tissue is stimulated and given increased vitality.

Our Boys and Girls.

Cultivate Courage.

In her "Talks with Girls" in the February "Woman's Home Companion," Ada C. Sweet gives the following excellent advice to nervous women and to girls who believe that to pretend to fear is a feminine virtue:

"Without courage a fine, high character is impossible. Girls need to cultivate this magnificent virtue. To be afraid of nothing is enviable. It is too much the custom to excuse girls for cowardice, which is the lowest form of selfish fear. Yet it is not uncommon to hear a girl say, 'I am an abject coward.'

"This confession should be rebuked, but out of deference to custom we only smile when we hear it from girls or women. A boy or man is ashamed of yielding to fear. He conceals his weakness if he is afraid, and in concealing it half cures it, for he is obliged to battle with his abject love of self in order to keep the respect of the people around him. In the end he asserts his own power and ceases to be ruled by fear.

"Nervous, impressionable girls should cease to slander themselves by announcing that they are cowards. It is dangerous to play with the vital sources of character. The girl who thinks or says, 'Oh, I should be frightened out of my wits by a fire! I should throw myself out of the first window,' etc., will, more than likely, do something foolish should a fire occur where she is. The girl who thinks and says that in case of fire she will first of all strive to keep her mind steady, and then do all she can practically and quickly for others and herself, will probably turn out a genuine heroine when her time of trial comes. Anyway, don't boast of any of your weaknesses. Courage can be cultivated if one has a determined will."

A Poser in Arithmetic.

A Chinaman died, leaving his property by will to his three sons, as follows:

"To Fuen-huen, the oldest, one-half thereof; to Nu-pin, his second son, one-third thereof; and to Ding-bat, his youngest, one-ninth thereof."

When the property was inventoried it was found to consist of nothing more or less than seventeen elephants, and it puzzled these heirs how to divide the property according to the terms of the will without chopping up seventeen elephants and thereby seriously impairing their value. Finally they applied to a wise neighbor, Suen-punk, for advice. Suen-punk had an elephant of his own. He drove it into the yard with the seventeen and said:

"Now you will suppose your father left these eighteen elephants. Fuen-huen, take your half and depart."

So Fuen-huen took nine elephants and went his way.

"Now, Nu-pin," said the wise man, "take your third and go."

Nu-pin took six elephants and traveled.

"Now, Ding-bat," said the wise man, "take your ninth and be gone."

So Ding-bat took two elephants and vamoosed. Then Suen-punk took his own elephant and drove him home again.

Query: Was the property divided according to the terms of the will?—Selected.

He Faces Real Life.

David Starr Jordan, President of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Palo Alto, Cal., says: "The first advantage of a country boy is that he has grown up face to face with realities, and knows that there are such things and how to master them. I value no part of my education more than what I learned on a farm. Not that I want to do any of those things now, but that the habit of meeting things squarely and doing them was a vital part of my education. The horizon of the farm is narrow, but that is good for a boy. It leads him to see clearly. To get face to face with nature and action is the purpose of the 'nature study' and 'manual training,' which in the city schools imperfectly take the place of farm life and farm work. Minor advantages of the farm are its health and freedom, the absence of wasteful leisure, and the certainty of mastery over the horse; a thing without which no man should be turned loose in the world as educated. But, first of all, I place the contact with realities and the need of the country boy to meet and master them for himself."—Christian Herald.

"Boys."

Here is a girl's composition on boys: "Boys are men that have got big as their papas, and girls are women that will be young ladies by and by. Men were made before women. When God looked at Adam he said to himself, 'Well, I think I can do better if I try again, and then he made Eve. God liked Eve so much better than Adam that there have been more women than men ever since. Boys are a trouble. They wear out everything but soap. If I had my way, half of the boys in the world would be girls, and the rest would be dolls. My papa is so nice that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy."—Farm Journal.

An Essay on Habit.

A story is told of an English schoolmaster who offered a prize to the boy who should write the best composition in five minutes on "How to Overcome Habit."

At the expiration of five minutes the composition was read. The prize went to a lad of nine years. Following is his essay:

"Well, sir, habit is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it does not change 'habit.' If you take off another you still have a 'bit' left. If you take off still another, the whole of 'it' remains. If you take off another, it is not wholly used up; all of which goes to show that if you want to get rid of a habit you must throw it off altogether."

A Final Request.

The four-year-old daughter of a popular New Hampshire clergyman was ailing one night and was put to bed early. She said:

"Mamma, I want to see my papa."

Her mother replied: "No, dear; your papa must not be disturbed."

Pretty soon she said again: "I want to see my papa."

The mother replied as before: "No, your papa must not be disturbed."

It was not long before she uttered this clincher: "Mamma, I am a sick woman, and I want to see my minister!"—National Advocate.

A fossil tree-trunk of solid basalt is the unique specimen to which Mr. R. H. Walcott, of the Royal Society of Victoria has called attention. Ordinary fossil stems have resulted from a slow replacing of the wood by mineral matter; but it seems that in this case the molten trap must have suddenly closed about the tree, shutting out the air, and the mold formed on cooling must have been filled by a subsequent flow.

WHY NOT BEGIN NOW?

"Mother," a little child once said, "how old must I be before I can be a Christian?"

The wise mother answered: "How old will you have to be before you love me?"

"Why, mother, I always loved you. I do now, and always shall (and she kissed her mother); but you have not told me yet how old I shall have to be."

"How old must you be before you can trust yourself wholly to me and my care?"

"I always did," she answered, and kissed her mother again; "but tell me what I want to know." And she climbed up into her lap.

The mother asked again: "How old will you have to be before you do what I want you to do?"

Then the child, half guessing what her mother meant, whispered, "I can now, without growing any older."

Then the mother said: "You can be a Christian now, my darling. Love and try to please the One who says, 'Let the little ones come unto Me.'"—Selected.

BRIEFS.

He who has given us to desire will also grant us to obtain.—Spurgeon.

It is getting to be a dignified business to be a Sunday-school teacher.—Jacobs.

If the best use is made of existing means, they will insensibly multiply.—Johnson.

No appeal is quite so powerful in the end as the call, "Come and suffer."—Mazzini.

"They say the conscience is that part of a man that hurts him when his neighbor does wrong."

Our Father, thou art giving us blessings all the time; help us to be a blessing.—The Ways of Life.

No cloud can overshadow a true Christian but his faith will discern a rainbow in it.—Bishop Horne.

A clever woman said to an excited sister: "My dear, do not use a pile-driver to pin on a bow of ribbon."

"Times are changing to such an extent that in five years parents will be sent to bed for talking back."

Thou dost not, O Savior, measure thy gifts by our petitions, but by our wants and thine own mercies.—Bishop Hall.

Christ's power is equal to any human need, and his willingness to help is as great as his power.—Meredith.

Your "few things" may be very few and very small things, but He expects you to be faithful over them.—Havergal.

God's love for poor sinners is very wonderful, but God's patience will ill-natured saints is a deeper mystery.—Drummond.

God is the spring of our best activity and fullest energy; God is the haven where we can find deep and untroubled rest.—McLaren.

Man is, properly speaking, based upon hope; he has no other possession but hope; this world of his is emphatically the place of hope.—Thomas Carlyle.

While high thinking does not always prevent low living, it is also most true that there can be no high and holy living without high and holy thinking.—McLeod.

IN HIS WIFE'S NAME.

Two sons of the Emerald Isle met one day. Pat asked Jamey if he had heard the news.

"No," says Jamey, "what is it?"

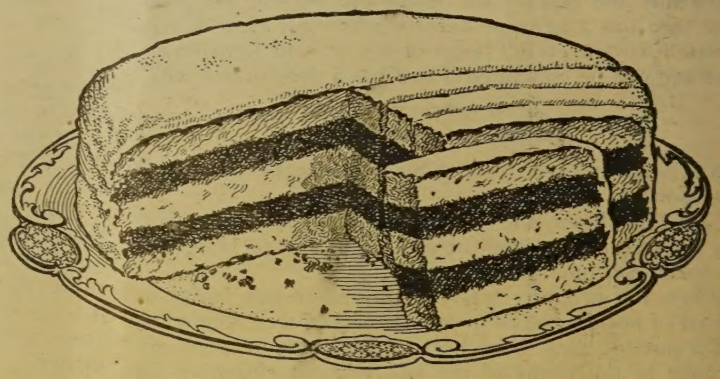
Pat: "They say O'Conel has got religion."

Jamey: "Thin it must be in his wife's name."

Most men are willing that the wife should be religious. They like that sort of wife, but they ask to be excused. Sam Jones, talking with some old comrades, said: "I went to prayer-meeting to find my wife and I beat you fellows."

A pastor said: "I depend on living women and dead men to run the church." Another said: "The best men in my church are women." Where would the churches be today without the women?

Only Christ can influence the world, but all that the world sees of Christ is what it sees through you and me.—Drummond.



At this season the housekeeper must look specially after the baking powder.

As she cannot make good cake with bad eggs, no more can she make cake that is light, delicious and dainty with inferior baking powder.

Royal Baking Powder is indispensable for the preparation of the finest food. It imparts that peculiar lightness, sweetness and flavor noticed in the finest cake, biscuit, doughnuts, crusts, etc., which expert bakers say is unobtainable by the use of any other leavening agent.

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FOOD FOR THE MIND.

The man who does not know is always readiest to tell.

Silent prayer speaks with a loud voice unto God.—St. Hilary.

As light comes from the sun, so does happiness come from love.—Henryk Sienkiewicz.

A holy act strengthens the inward holiness. It is a seed of life growing into more life.—Robertson.

Repentance bringeth many good things which carelessness doth quickly forego.—Thomas a Kempis.

The average man is not able to do a great deal of effective work and make a great deal of noise at the same time.

A healthy body is good; but a soul in right health—it is the thing beyond all others to be prayed for; the blessedest thing this earth receives of he ven.—Carlyle.

"Trust God." Do you remember the little boy's lunch of five small loaves and two fishes? How many were fed from it? What lesson do we learn from this miracle?

Piety and true morality are but the same spirit differently manifested. Piety is religion with its face toward God; morality is religion with its face toward the world.—Edwards.

Get the habit—a glorious one—of referring all to Christ. How did he feel? think? act? So then must I feel and think and act. Should I please myself? "For even Christ pleased not himself."—Robertson.

To see our godly people devoting so much time gratuitously to teaching the young is a noble spectacle, the glory of the Church, and the pleasure of her Lord.—Spurgeon.

When fear is foiled and taken prisoner, then faith comes out of the battle a glorious conqueror. It is as able to keep us from falling into temptation as from fainting under afflictions.—Seeker.

Christian growth is gradual, just as physical growth is; but a man passes from death unto everlasting life immediately, as an act of the will—"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."—Moody.

If, then, I were a nightingale, I would do the part of a nightingale. If I were a swan, I would do like a swan. But now I am a rational creature, and I ought to praise God; this is my work. I do it; nor will I desert this part so long as I am allowed to keep it, and I exhort you to join in this same song. —Epictetus.

You may lose a great deal for Christ, but you will never lose anything by Christ. You may lose for time, but you will gain for eternity; the loss is transient, but the gain is everlasting.—Spurgeon.

The devil's children are similar to ordinary infants. They put everything into their mouths—good or bad it is all the same to them. The vulgar language, the profane word, the cigarette, the cigar, the pipe, the liquor and tobacco all go into their mouths and are disgusting and hurtful, let alone disagreeable to their neighbors. If you want to be classified with very little expenditure of energy on your part just let people see or hear you using any one of the above and your case is a clear one to any person of average intelligence.

THE CHRISTIAN'S STR NGTH.

I crossed the ocean on a powerful steamship, which weighed more than 20,000 tons, and pushed her way against wind and wave at the rate of over twenty knots an hour. I could not see the propelling force; that was hidden deep down in the glowing furnaces, helped constantly with fresh coal. That illustrates the spiritual life of every strong, healthy, growing Christian; his strength is measured by the inward supply of divine grace. The spiritual force and progress of a growing Christian prove that his life is hid with Jesus Christ. Happy are you if your neighbors who can see you every day can know by your outward conduct that your inner life is fed by an unseen Christ. —Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D.D.

Christ's power cannot be exhausted, no matter what the demands upon it may be.—Spurgeon.

It Began with Pains in the Back

Mr. W. J. Juengert, 102 Landon St., Buffalo, N. Y., tells how he was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He says:

"About one year ago I was suffering a great deal with kidney trouble, and the terrible pains which I experienced in the small of my back almost incapacitated me for work. I tried wearing plasters but they did me no good whatever. In connection with this kidney trouble I was subject to chronic headaches. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I did so and soon noticed a great improvement, after continuing their use for several months all traces of the kidney trouble disappeared and the headaches became less frequent."

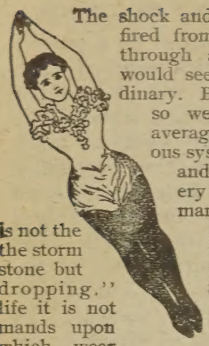
(Signed) WM. JUENGERT.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of June, 1899.

W. G. STANTON,
Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are never sold by the dozen or hundred, but always in packages. At all druggists, or direct from the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., 50 cents per box, 6 boxes $2.50.



The shock and strain of being fired from a cannon daily through a circus season, would seem to be extraordinary. But it is not nearly so wearing upon the average woman's nervous system, as the strain and drain of the every day life of the married woman, It is not the great shock of the storm which wears the stone but the "continual dropping." So in woman's life it is not the great demands upon her energy which wear her out, but the interminable leakage of her strength through the diseases that affect the delicate womanly organs.

To stop this ceaseless leakage of strength is as much the desire as the duty of women. It can be done once and for all by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This medicine is not a cure-all but it is specially designed for a specific purpose, the cure of the chronic diseases peculiar to women. It dries up the drains, allays inflammations, heals the ulcerations and cures the displacements which are at the bottom of woman's miseries.

There is neither opium, cocaine or other narcotic contained in "Favorite Prescription."

"For five years my wife was in an almost helpless condition, suffering from female weakness," writes J. S. Everitt, Esq., of Hagerman, Washington Co., Fla. "Last September I decided to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. She took several bottles of the medicine and gave birth to a ten pound son on January 31st, 1898. She is now sound and well and doing her housework."

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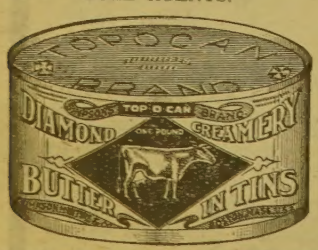

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"Tell me, sir," said a great Roman banker, who had paid him particular honor, "are you a relative of George Washington?"

He thus learned that he had been indebted for unexpected invitations and other civilities to his supposed relationship to our first President.

Christ said to those who had taken his name upon themselves, "Whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink, because ye are Christ's, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

It is sometimes only by the lesser than we can climb up to the greater. It is sometimes by touching only a little human love that we can rise to the infinite love; sometimes only by making a little earthly sacrifice that we get a glimpse of the eternal heavenly sacrifice.—Horton.

There is no music in a "rest" that I know of, but there's the making of music in it. And people are always missing that part of the life melody, always talking of perseverance and courage and fortitude; but patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude, and the rarest, too.—Ruskin.

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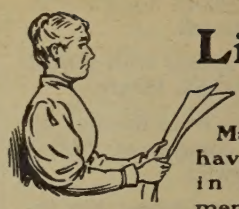

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